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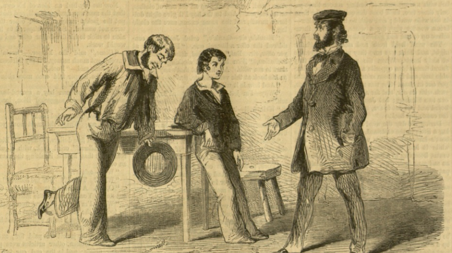
BION AND JACK WALLACE ARRANGING FOR A VOYAGE WITH THE STRANGE CAPTAIN

THE GRAVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis twilight, and I stand beside her grave!
Her grave! Alas, that so much loveliness
Should sink into the damp, cold earth! Alas,
That beauty such as hers should pass away,
And that its image should exist no more
Save in the hearts of mourning ones!

Oh, she
Was beautiful as some bright, winged dream
That wanders down from Eden's blessed bowers,
And folds its starry plumes within the soul
Of musing bard or sculptor. Forms like hers
Oft pass at eve before the half-closed eye—
They glide like shadows o'er our paths, or bend
From the soft edges of a moonlight cloud,
And beckon to the sky, but rarely come
Like her to beautify our homes and hearths
With their abiding smiles.

I see her now,
Her blue eye floating in its own clear light,
Her young cheek bright as an illumined gem,
Her red lips parted in their mirth, her smile
Beaming like sunshine from each lineament,
Her light step bounding o'er the summer flowers
In very joyousness, as if she were
A spirit of the morning or a wild
Glad creature of the air—and can it be
That all that bright exuberance of life,
And love, and happiness, is sleeping now
In deep and dark decay! Oh, can it be
That Spring, with her soft skies, will come again,
And by her warm breath woo her violets
And roses from the earth, and send her streams
Leaping and singing to the sea, and fill
The air with her thousand melodies
Of bird and breeze, and grove and waterfall,
And our loved lost one be not here to greet
With us the glories of the vernal time,
And blend her ringing cadences with all
The harmonies of nature in her joy!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BOTTLE OF WINE.

As the Jew entered he approached the judge, and placed something in his hand. It had a jingling sound, like silver or gold, and the eyes of the legal umpire sparkled peculiarly as he felt its weight.

"It's no use?" whispered Makomai, being near enough to Jack to place his lips close to his ear. "The Jew has paid him for his law!"

Jack had seen the movement, and he knew its meaning.

"I thought the fellow was afraid of the judge when I threatened to expose him," said the prisoner, in the same low tone.

"Because he knows very well that the judge would hang him with much joy if he could, and thus get all his gold."

At this juncture the court announced that the trial would commence, and then he asked the prisoner if he could speak their language. Jack shook his head. An interpreter was then called for, and Makomai volunteered.

The Jew was called upon to tell his story first; and as he told it the interpreter translated it to Jack. He commenced by informing the court that some days before the prisoner came to his place to sell a lot of stuff which he believed prisoner had stolen somewhere. But he bought it, and in paying for it exposed his gold. On the previous night—near the midnight last past—the prisoner came to his shop with a loaded pistol in his hand, and tried to rob him, and would have done so had not the officers arrived in season.

After this the officers who arrested the prisoner were called up, and they not only described how they found the prisoner about robbing the Jew, but they also told how he tried to kill them.

Then Jack was informed through his intepreter that he might give him anything he had to tell. He told the Ova that he might use his own judgment and tell as much, or as little, of his story as he pleased. Makomai said he should tell it all. So he turned to the court and related all the circumstances of the Jew's cheating the prisoner in the first trade, and of his nocturnal visit, and half-accomplished robbery.

The Jew heard the story through, and then started up in well feigned astonishment. He immediately called on his wife, who came forward and swore that her husband was not out of the house on the night before.

This was sufficient. The Judge informed Jack that he was guilty, and that he would be hanged to a tree the very next day. In cases of murder; of grand larceny, where there was "breaking and entering;" and in all cases of robbery accompanied by deadly threats, this judge could sentence to death if he pleased.

"It will do no good to say anything more," said Makomai. "If you had more gold than the Jew has you might buy your life, but it's of no use now!"

The judge waited to hear no more. He simply bade the soldiers carry the prisoner back and lock him up, and then he dismissed the people. It was a very short, summary, and simple trial. Those who had come to witness it were perfectly satisfied with all except the time set for the hanging. They would have liked it much better had the hanging been done at once, so they could have entertainment for that day as well as for the morrow. However, there would be a good sight when it did come, so they went away to live on anticipation.

Meanwhile Jack Wallace was led back to his cell, followed by a crowd of natives of all ages and conditions, who howled and hooted, and threw dirt and rotting vegetables at him, till he was shielded by the walls of the prison. Makomai had followed him, and as he had acted as interpreter he claimed the privilege of seeing if the condemned man had any message to leave behind him for the boy who had been with him. The officers made no objections, though they insisted upon being present, as their duties became more strict now that the prisoner was condemned.

"Don't show that there is any friendship between us," said the Ova, as he entered the cell, three of the soldiers remaining at the door.

"No, no," returned Jack, mournfully. "I shan't need friends much more. Aren't they goin' to double the guard now?"

"Yes—and more than that," said Makomai. "They are going to two times double it. When a prisoner is under sentence to die they put on four soldiers. There will be four men about the place all night."

Jack sank back aghast! He had hoped that one man might be evaded, or overcome, or something; but how should four of them be circumvented? He had feared that the guard was to be increased from what he could understand of the conversation he had heard.

"There's no help for it!" the poor fellow cried, clasping his hands. "I'd better have died at sea, and been buried in the old ocean I've loved so long, than be hung by these bloody savages! But I won't load you with my complaints. Tell Bion—he's a noble boy, sir—tell him to get away as soon as he can. Tell him if he ever reaches home again to go and find my poor old mother. Tell him to tell her I *died!* Oh! for God's sake, don't have her know *how* I died You'll mind that?"

"Yes. I'll tell him."

"He'll know where to find her. He wrote a letter for me once. You'll help him off, sir?"

"Yes, yes—but don't you give up all hope yet. Hold on till morning."

"What's the use? To-morrow!—and between now and then only one night! But—say:— Will you do one more thing? Will you be by my side to-morrow? Will you bring me a knife? They shan't have my life! I'll give it up with my own hand to the God that gave it to me! You will try to do this?"

"I will do all I can, my friend. But I must leave you now. Keep up your heart while you can. The boy is very much—what you call it? Got great knowledge for boy. I will help him."

The prisoner uttered his thanks once more, and then the interpreter moved back.

"What does he want?" asked one of the officers.

"He says there is a boy somewhere who was with him."

"Aye—and we've been trying to find him," cried the officer. "Did the prisoner tell you where he was?"

"No. He don't know. He wants me to find him and give him a message to carry home to his mother."

"Well—you find him, and then let us know, for we want to give him a message. The Jew Abraham says the young dog is a thief, too."

Makomai gave an evasive answer, and then hurried off. He reached his home, and threw himself into a seat.

"Don't ask me anything," he cried, impatiently and nervously, as the boy moved towards him. "I've got a very good thought. I can see! Hold on!"

The host bowed his head, and covered his face with both hands; and thus he remained for full half-an-hour. At the end of that time he started up and took three or four turns around the room. Then he sat down by the boy's side, and looking him earnestly in the face he said—

"Bion, say—*Fauquish mowmah bwishwhi wimmeskoie wahwah.*"

The boy tried to repeat the odd sentence, but he broke down at the second word. However, Makomai spoke it again, this time more slowly—and so on, a second and third time, until at length Bion could repeat the words very well.

"That is the Betanime language," said the host, but I say it just as one of my own people would call it. And now I want you to learn enough of this so that you can carry on quite a good talk. I am going to ask—'*Who are you?*' and you will reply—'*I am a poor carrier from the river.*' Then I ask—'*What ye got there?*' and you will tell me—'*It is good old wine for the Jew Abraham, which I am going to sell to him.*' Then I shall say—'*Let me drink*' and you will answer—'*You must pay me for it, for it is very nice old wine.*' And some more, too. Can you learn it?"

"Is it to help Jack?" cried the boy, eagerly.

"Of course it is."

"O, yes! I can learn anything if I have time."

"We shall have all day, and a part of the night."

Then Makomai told Bion all about the trial and the sentence.

"But keep up a good heart," he added, as he saw Bion turn pale. "I know those soldiers very well."

"There are four of them!" gasped the boy, in an agony.

"Never mind, I say, I know them. They are the greatest thieves in the world. They are almost as bad as the judge himself. Should you be found by them with a skin of old wine they'd have it if it belonged to the king. Keep up a good heart, and listen to me."

The two then moved away by themselves, while the hostess prepared dinner, and commenced their lesson. The idea of the tutor was, to teach Bion to pronounce with the peculiar idiom of the Ovas, for thus the Betanimes would not be so apt to detect his spurious character. By the time dinner was ready the little fellow could talk with a precision that fairly astonished the man.

Bion was naturally quick at learning; but now that proficiency might be the means of saving the life of the man who had more than saved his, he entered into it with a zeal which promised to quickly give him the mastery of all that he needed.

After dinner they went at it again, and before the hour for supper arrived the pupil could bring his tongue to the support of his colored skin and dirty blanket very effectively. He could pronounce and understand all that his teacher had at first planned, and much more into the bargain. In short, Makomai studied up every possible question and answer which could in any way legitimately come into play under the projected circumstances, and the boy learned them all. The tutor asked all the questions, and Bion answered them; and then the thing was reversed, Bion asking the questions, and the other answering them. Then Makomai compounded questions, mixing them up, and the boy understood them, and answered them promptly, thereby showing that he understood what he had learned.

At the supper-board the lessons were still practised; and finally that part of the work was set aside as complete.

"You might go to the judge himself," cried the host, looking proudly upon his scholar. "You can speak much better, what you do speak, than the Jew Abraham can."

Bion would have shown a blush had it not been for the foreign color already upon his cheeks; but he knew he had learned very well, so he did not deny the gentle imputation.

After they had eaten supper Makomai bade Bion remain behind while he went out to see an old Arab who sold drugs and medicines. He was not gone long, however—not over half an hour—and when he returned he was all prepared for the rest of the work. He had procured one of the most powerful and subtle opiates he could find, the Arab druggist having prepared it in the form of liquid. The host brought forth a large leathern bottle, holding about a gallon, which was already nearly filled with choice old wine. Into this he poured the opiate, and then gave the whole a good shaking.

"Now, my son," he said, turning to Bion, "we are nearly ready to set out. I must fix you a little."

The fixing consisted only in putting on a larger blanket, and fastening a pair of heavy sandals to the feet. After this the two set out, taking a round-about way where few people were in the habit of travelling. The moon was not yet up, but the stars were all out, and the atmosphere was clear and cool.

On the way Makomai had the boy rehearse his part, but he found him thoroughly posted up. He not only remembered every word, but he understood the meaning so well that no amount of cross-questioning could perplex him.

At length they reached a point from whence they could see the walls of the low prison, and here they stopped.

"Now," said Makomai, "you must go on alone. You know how to act."

"Yes, sir. Very well."

"Then go; and I will remain here. If you want help you have only to give the signal, and I will come, no matter what may be the danger."

Bion stopped to hear no more. He crossed over the way, and then moved on; and when he reached the open space before the prison he sat down upon a stone and gave a deep sigh of fatigue. There were two sentinels before the building, and no sooner had the boy stooped than they moved towards him.

"Hallo—who are you?" asked one of the soldiers, speaking in the Betanime tongue.

"I am poor Polovik, come from the mountains to get a few piastres for my mother," returned Bion, without hesitation or mistake.

"Ha—he's Ova-boy," remarked one of the men to his companion. And then turning to the lad he added,—

"Where are you going to get your piastres?"

"I am going to sell some very nice old wine which my mother has had made a long while."

"Who's going to buy it?"

"I shall carry it to the Jew Abraham."

"Aha—old wine—for the Jew! Has he engaged it of you, boy?"

"He told me, good sirs, the last time I was here, that when I brought any more wine as good as I had then, to be sure and bring it directly to him."

"Aha—the old dog! He knows what good wine is. But I'm a judge, my boy. Here—let me taste. I'll tell you what sort of stuff it is."

"Will you pay me for it, sir?"

"Pay thee? What—for only a taste? Wait and see how much I drink."

Bion did not exactly understand the whole of this, but he knew enough to warrant his answering,—

"O, sirs—I must not let it go without pay."

"Well, well,—we'll talk about pay after we see what the wine is. Come—hand it up."

With much seeming reluctance Bion handed up the bottle, and the soldier raised it to his lips.

"Ah-h-aha!" he gasped, at the end of a long pull, "that *is* wine. By the big-headed spirit, it's nice!"

Thus speaking he handed it to his companion, and while the latter was drinking the other two soldiers came out from the prison. They had heard the sound of a strange voice, and they came to see what was going on. As soon as they smelt the wine they were exceedingly witty.

"Is it good?" asked one.

"The best I ever tasted," answered another.

"Oh! Good sirs!" cried Bion, imploringly, "You'll ruin me if you drink my wine without paying me! Where are my piastres, good sirs?"

"How many piastres did you think of getting?"

"Three for that wine."

"Then you wait. Here—pass it this way. By the four gods of Tamatave, but this is great wine!"

So the soldiers drank, while the boy begged and implored. But it was of no avail. The reckless fellows had got a taste of the keen old beverage, and they would not give it up. They drank, one after another, several times each, until over half the wine was gone, when they passed the large bottle over to its owner, and bade him hurry on.

"But you will pay me for the wine you have drank, sirs?"

"Yes. We'll pay you thus: We'll let you off with your life. But if you say another word to us; or if you make any complaint to anybody, we will put you in prison and hang you!"

Bion understood enough of this to know that some threat was made, and without further remark he turned away. He would not have dared to stop long, at any rate, as he knew the opiate would begin to do its work soon. But he placed one hand to his eyes, and gave a piteous groan as he went away.

At a safe distance the boy stopped and concealed himself behind some bushes, there to await the moment when he could fly to the assistance of his friend. He could hear the loud voices of the merry soldiers, and he understood enough to know that they were joking at his expense. But their jollification was not so harsh to the lad as it might have been; for he listened to it eagerly, noting each failing tone, and counting the moments of their passing bliss with strange and trembling anxiety, each one bringing him nearer to the noble, generous man whose life he would save.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BOAT ONCE MORE.

Gradually the voices of the four soldiers grew low and indistinct, until finally they died away altogether. Bion listened attentively for some minutes after the sounds had ceased, and then he moved cautiously towards the prison; and when he had reached the angle of the narrow court he stopped to listen again. But he heard nothing As he crept nearer he thought he saw two dark forms stretched upon the ground near the door; and upon advancing he found them to be two of the native troops in a state of utter unconsciousness and helplessness. He took courage from this, and hastened into the long, narrow hall.

In this hall was suspended a large, square Chinese lantern, within which burned a single candle, just giving light enough to reveal the fact that said hall was a very dark place. Aye—it did a little more, for it showed two more forms, like those by the door, stretched out upon the hard pavement, their breathing proving beyond doubt that they were about as good as two dead men so far as duty was concerned. Bion remembered the door, and he bounded towards it, without further hesitation. He only saw that the four soldiers were out of the way—he stopped to listen for no one else.

The door of the cell was not locked by a key. It had a bolt and a chain. The former Bion drew back without difficulty, and the latter was cast down full as easily. Then the door was thrown open, and the boy leaped into the cell.

'Jack! Good Jack!"

"Bion?"

"Yes—it is Bion! Come! Where are you? Oh! there is no time to be lost! Jack! Good Jack ——"

By this time the boy was clasped in the old sailor's arms, and in a moment more the former led the way from the prison.

"Be they dead?" asked the freed man, as he saw the natives spread out upon the stone floor.

"I don't know. Guess not. But I'll tell you all about it when we get away. Come! This way, Jack!"

The boy took his friend's hand as he spoke—took it as though he were the man and Jack the child, and then hurried on. At the nearest corner they found Makomai, and as soon as he had embraced the liberated prisoner, he took the lead towards his own dwelling, which was reached without hindrance of any kind.

It was but little past nine o'clock when the three entered the Ova's cot; and the good wife had a hearty supper all ready for them.

"Now, Jack," said Makomai, "you must sit down and eat, and while you do it, I will be getting something ready for you to take along with you. You have but very little time to lose. In an hour, perhaps, the other officers will go to the prison; and then they will begin to hunt for you right off."

"We must take to the water," returned Jack. "We can find a boat somewhere."

"The boat you sold is at the water's edge. The Jew Abraham has bought it."

"Ha! Has he?" cried the old sailor, starting. "And is it where we can get it?"

"Yes, my friend. It is the Jew's; and it is where you can easily take it. He bought it this very afternoon of the Portuguese Captain for two hundred piastres. I heard of it when I went out to the Arab druggist's."

"Two hundred piastres?" exclaimed Jack, indignantly. "Then he ought to lose it. Why—that wouldn't pay for the canvass in her sails. 'Twouldn't begin to? By the frozen nose of Peter, but I'll have the last dab at that old rascal, any how!"

The fugitive eat his supper as quickly as possible, and then took an old blanket from his host, and threw it over his shoulders, which blanket was meant to give him a *native* look in the gloom. A leathern bottle was filled with wine, and a small bag of meat and bread put up, and with these in his hand Makomai led the way from the hut. Bion took an affectionate farewell of the good hostess, and it cost him a pang to drop her hand; but the others were already gone, and with a simple God's blessing upon the generous woman he hurried away.

With long, quick strides the two men moved on, the boy being obliged to strike into a trotting pace in order to keep up. They had left a few articles of clothing at the inn, but of course they thought not of stopping for them. They passed around by the edge of the town, and when they reached the place where the boat was fast, they judged it to be not far from ten o'clock. In a very short time—in perhaps a few minutes—the relief would go to the prison; so there was no time to be wasted.

Jack knew the old boat in a moment. It was made fast to a small post at the end of a rough stone pier, and was afloat, which last circumstance relieved Jack's mind considerably, as he had feared it might be high and dry in the mud. The mast was stepped, and the sails clumsily furled; everything belonging to her being on board, even to the oars.

"Now," said Makomai, speaking quickly and distinctly, and with much energy, "You have the sea before you. I am almost very sure you will find some great ship at Mahela. That is two hundred miles south of here—just about two hundred. One hundred miles from here is the town of Manoro, where ships sometimes stop. You might look in there. If the wind is fair you will have food enough to carry you to Mahela. You know all the rest better than I do. No thanks—you have no time. Only I hope we may meet again. Your God will take care of you. I have faith in the same power!—Bion—good Bion—grow up and be just what you are now. Good bye!"

With a wise prudence the generous Ova turned upon his heel as he ceased speaking and strode away. Both Jack and Bion gazed after him a moment—they gazed until his dusky form was lost in the gloom—and then they cast off the painter and leaped into the boat. There were houses, or huts, close at hand, and so there were other boats; but no one came to molest the two fugitives. The boat's head was pushed off—the furling-lines cast loose—the sails hoisted—and in a few moments more they were standing out from the harbor with a good fresh breeze upon the larboard beam.

"Hark!" uttered Bion, as they reached the headland of the harbor, which was in reality at the mouth of the river, "Did you hear that noise?"

"Aye, me boy. My soul! I should think all the imps of the dark hole had broken loose!"

It was a wild yell which had first broken upon their ears, and after it came a succession of howls and shrieks that made the air ring.

"It's the 'tarnal savages," said the old sailor, as he gave the helm a shove to windward. "Ease off the main-sheet, Bion.—Steady—so.—Belay! Now the jib.—That's it—all fast—so.—It's them cussed savages, me boy. They've missed me. Hi!

> 'With a flowin' sheet and a followin' breeze,
> We'll bound o'er the sea away.'

Aye, me boy—they've diskivered my absence. But we're well nigh safe now."

The wind was from the northward, and as the boat had it now very near aft, she bounded over the sea swiftly, soon carrying her inmates beyond the noise of the startled troopers.

"Now, Bion—ye might tell me how ye managed to upset them sogers," said Jack, after all was snug, and the course was laid.

The boy commenced from the time of his going to bed for the last time at the inn, and related all that he had seen, and heard, and done, up to the present. He told how he pondered and studied on the morning after his friend's disappearance—how he sought Makomai—how that individual went at once into the work of helping them; and so on, through all the trials that followed.

The moon had arisen while Bion was relating his story, and as the soft beams rested upon Jack's face they were reflected by the bright tear-drops that were trickling down his cheeks.

"Bion—my boy," he uttered, trembling with emotion, "O—God knows I love ye! I do love ye, Bion! Ye're a noble fellow. Blow me if I wouldn't love to die for ye!"

"No, no, Jack."

"I say, yes, me boy! And if I can't die *for* ye, I hope when I do die my last breath may be draw'd on your stout breast! I shan't die at home. I shan't never stay at my mother's long enough to die."

"You may, Jack."

"Don't know 'bout that, me boy. It'll take a good while for this tough old thing to die if he aren't killed. But that aren't the thing. How shall I ever pay ye, Bion, for what ye've done for me?"

"Pay me?" returned the boy, with deep feeling. "I shouldn't think you'd talk so, Jack. Only think what you've done. Who saved me from a most terrible death?"

"Ah—well—but I couldn't 'a' seed ye killed, Bion!"

"Nor could I have seen you killed, Jack."

"But you wouldn't 'a' had tov'e seed me, 'cause ye could 'ave staid away."

"And what should I have done after you were hung, Jack? What would have become of poor Bion Bernard?"

"Well, well,—we are kind of tied up in one bundle, aren't we? Pull out one, and it will leave the bindin' so loose that the other'd be pretty sure to tumble out, too. But all I've got to say is, —I'm proud o' my mate."

"So am I," cried Bion, heartily. "And there we'll have to let it rest. We have been of service to each other, and I hope we'll always be so if there's need. I love you, Jack, for you've always been good to me. Oh—I shall never forget that morning when you came to Aunt Margery's for me—you and poor Nat Anderson—"

"Poor Nat!" parenthesized Jack. "He was a good sailor, and a good mate! God rest his soul!"

"Amen!" responded Bion. And then he resumed,—

"I remember how I started when I heard your voice, and how sharply I looked at you. When I knew I was to sail in the ship with you, I looked to see if you had a kind face. I was sure you had. I then wondered if you would be my friend. And yet I did not feel fully persuaded till after I got on board. Then I remember how I put my hands in yours.—Don't you remember? I was almost frightened by the strange looks the sailors gave me. You came and asked me if I was home-sick. I told you how I felt. Then I put my hands in yours—and I asked you, 'Won't you be good to me? Won't you take care of me, and tell me how to do my duty.'"

"Aye!" cried Jack, enthusiastically. "I remember it very well. And what did I tell ye?"

"You swore, by the Blessed Mother, that you would keep me under convoy,—that while you had a crust I should have part of it,—and that—that—you'd be good and protect me always while you had life. And you have Jack. Oh! I didn't dream then how strangely and closely we should be bound together in the times to come?"

"In course ye didn't, me boy. Nobody only God could 'a' seed that then. And now, Bion, we'll keep the faith, won't we? We'll stay just what we are while both of us live!"

"We will, Jack!"

The two fugitives placed their right hands together, and though no audible sound was uttered, yet the bright moon beams, as they danced in the big tear-drops upon their cheeks, revealed the depth and fervor of their feelings.

After some time spent in thought, Bion wondered if their enemies might not give them chase upon the water. Said he,—

"They may miss the boat; and if they do, won't they take a swift craft and persue us?"

"In course they will, me boy. But what kind of a craft can they raise? They hain't got a craft in their whole old caboose that could come within a day's reckonin' of our heels! Aha—there aren't no danger there."

"Then we're safe from them."

"Sartin, me boy. Safe enough from everything behind us; but what's ahead, we don't know so much about."

Ah! that was so! What was to come, they could not tell. On a strange ocean; by the coast of a savage land; bound for a certain town, to be sure, but with no assurance of finding succor there;—only those two, their boat the only home for them in the wide world; and with no friends in view—is it a wonder that, for a while, they gave themselves up to sad and gloomy thoughts?

The wind held fresh and steady through the night, and Jack was sure they ran off an average of sixty knots. When the morning came, they found themselves opposite a village of low, miserable huts, and in fifteen minutes more a long canoe put out in chase. She was manned by twelve men, each with an oar, and for a while she gained upon our two Yankees; but Jack put his helm a starboard and put out to sea, and ere long afterwards the canoe put back.

During the day the wind held fair, simply veering a little to the eastward, thus coming upon the boat's larboard quarter, which was better than while it had been astern. They passed several towns, keeping at a respectable distance, but saw no sail save their own. They had no occasion to put ashore, so they determined to stand on.

"How will you know when you reach Mahela?" asked Bion, just as the sun was sinking from sight.

"O—that's easy enough," returned Jack. "Since ten o'clock last night we've made an average of six knots an hour. At that rate it would take us about three-and-thirty hours to reach Mahela. The wind's a goin' to die away some to-night, so we'll be sure not to run by it afore mornin'. If it held up a six-knot breeze for us, we shouldn't make our port afore six or seven o'clock to-morrow. Ye see it now, don't ye?"

"Yes; I see it.'

As soon as it was dark, Bion persuaded Jack to lie down and get a little sleep. The old sailor was worn and weary, and having given the boy a star to steer by, and made him promise to call him as soon as another certain star had gone from sight, he lay down upon an after thwart, and was soon asleep.

At the appointed time, Jack awoke of his own accord, Bion having concluded from the first to let him sleep as long as he would; and after this, the boy lay down and took his turn at napping, a duty which he performed very well at that time.

When daylight broke again, they were off a low, sandy coast, with here and there a hut, but with no signs of inhabitants. Towards the middle of the forenoon, however, they reached a large town, which they knew must be Mahela. They put in there, and had the good fortune to find a vessel bound for Port Natal, where Jack knew there was a British settlement. The captain of the vessel was a descendant of a Dutchman, who had married a native woman of Caffreria, and could talk a little English. He helped Jack dispose of his boat, and in addition to this, gave him a free passage.

The run to Port Natal was made in ten days, and once more our two wanderers found themselves among people who could speak their language. They had about fifty dollars in money, and their stock of clothing consisted of what they wore upon their backs. Bion had succeeded in removing the last signs of the stains which the good Ova woman had put upon his skin, though at one time he was fearful he would have to wear it off by outgrowing it. Of course, the two could not live long in idleness, especially since they had to procure some clothing; so they began to look round at once for an opportunity to ship for some English or American port. They hoped they had seen the worst of that voyage; but an evil star was rising to serve them falsely for a beacon!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WILD STAG.

Jack Wallace and Bion had been seven days at Port Natal, without having found an opportunity for bettering their condition. They were stopping at a sort of tavern, kept by the widow of a Scotch seaman, and though the charges were quite reasonable, yet they had seen nearly the last of their money. Clothing had taken over half of it to begin with, and the rest had been gradually dropping away, until only a solitary dollar remained.

"What shall we do?" asked Bion, as he gazed upon a Spanish dollar which his companion held in his open hand.

They were in their room at the tavern. A rough room it was, surely; but then it was as good as the regal chambers for them.

"I don't know," returned Jack. "The landleddy won't keep us for nothin'—that's plain; and as for work, there don't seem to be any. If there would only come along a ship now."

At this moment a rap was heard at the door. Jack said, "come in," and the hostess made her appearance. She was a short, brown-faced, fat old woman, with a squint in the eye, that had always a look for money.

"There be a mon wud see ye, Johnny, below," she said, "yersel an' the boy both."

"Who is he?"

"I dinna ken, save he be weel rigged, an' has the look of a capt'n."

At this Jack started up, and calling for Bion to follow him, he hastened below, where he found the man in question. With an instinctive habit, which even present pressing circumstances did not check, the old sailor ran his eyes over the stranger before he spoke.

He was a tall, muscular man, of the middle age; not large in frame, but yet powerfully built; with black, curly hair and beard, the latter being unshaven and unshorn; features of considerable comeliness; and an eye like an eagle's—black as night, and piercing as an electric spark. He was a good-looking man, and dressed very neatly in a sort of naval undress; but he had no weapons,—at least, in sight. He gave a searching glance at both man and boy, and then spoke:

"You are the two who wish to find a ship?" His speech at once told that he was English.

"Yes, sir," returned Jack. "We've been rather misfort'n'it, and just now find ourselves clean high an' dry, with empty lockers and no credit."

"Well," returned the stranger, "I'll be plain with you. My name is Luke Warton—Captain Luke Warton, if you please. I have command of a fine brig, and am now bound for the Atlantic. I mean to reach Old England, if I can. I have lost some of my crew, and want hands. I'll pay you what you're worth."

"Thank'e, sir," said Jack, with a bow and a scrape. "I'm an able seaman, sir. I can do my duty on deck, aloft, or at the wheel—in fair weather or in foul. As for Bion Bernard here, sir, you can judge something by his looks. But if you'll fetch me a lad of his inches, with more real courage and knowledge, I'd go some ways to see him."

"Courage is a good thing, in some cases," returned the captain; "but does he understand anything of the duties of a ship?"

"Yes, sir. He can furl a r'yal as quick, and as neat as any other he; and he can steer, too, sir."

"Ah—that'll do. Well—now for the terms."

"Why—I s'pose we'll have to leave that to you, sir. I don't know what you'd be willin' to pay for jest a home'rd-bound run."

"O—I'll trade by the way. The run won't be direct. But, I'll tell you: I will give you eighteen dollars a month; find you in bedding and provisions; and, I guess, rake up an old suit of clothes, or so, for you. And to the boy I'll give eight dollars a month, and the same extras, save the clothing."

"Thank'e, sir—thank'e," cried Jack, who considered the offer a liberal one. "I'll take ye at yer offer, sir. But," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "Bion hain't got clothing enough to start to sea with. All he's got that's any good, is on his back at this very minute, sir."

"And how is it with you?"

"Why—I'm jest in about the same fix, sir, meself."

"Well, well—it wont do for you to go to sea short of clothing, especially this time of year. If I advance ye money, what assurance have I that I'll ever see you again?"

"That question to Jack Wallace?" uttered the old sailor, in an injured tone. "If my face and word aren't enough, ye'd better not trust me, sir."

"Pooh, pooh—I was only joking. I'd trust ye with any amount. And as for Master Bion, he carries his bond of honor in his face."

It was lucky the man spoke this as he did, for, somehow, Bion was beginning to dislike him; but this bit of flattery, very honestly and frankly spoken, changed his feelings into a different channel; and he acknowledged to himself that he was beginning to be prejudiced against a very fine and good man.

After Jack had said "Thank'e, sir," again, the captain drew out his purse, and taking therefrom two doubloons, he said:

"Here are two pieces of gold, which will pass here for three-and-thirty dollars. Will that be sufficient to buy you what clothing you need?"

"O—yes, sir."

"Then, take it; and, mind you, if you are faithful, and do your duty well, I may throw this in, and count it as a mere present.'

"Throw it in?—all this?" uttered the old salt, gazing first upon the two broad pieces of gold, and then upon the giver."

"Yes," responded Warton, with a smile and a wave of the hand; "so say no more about it; but go and purchase your clothing, and be back here in two hours. Can you do it?"

"Yes, sir," Jack answered thus, and was upon the point of turning away, when the thought of another question came to him.

"Shall we go aboard to-day, sir?" (This was preliminary.)

"Yes," answered the captain.

"Have ye been long in port?" (This was direct.)

"Only came in last evening.

"Brig in the harbor, sir?"

"Yes—just off the point."

"Thank'e, sir."

And with this, Jack and his protege left the inn.

"We're in luck, me boy," said the old sailor, as they reached the narrow street.

"We are very fortunate, that's certain," responded Bion. "And Captain Warton seemed to be very generous."

"Yes—but, then, I understand all that." As Jack said this he looked down into his companion's face with a wise expression, as though he would say—"Old Jack can see about as far as the next man!"

Bion gazed up and waited for the explanation.

"I understand all that jest like a si'nal-book. Ye see, he's lost some of his crew, and he didn't expect to find an able seaman in such a port. D'ye see it now?'

"Yes—I see."

"That's it, me boy. Ye may depend on't, he's mightily pleased to think he's found two such hands. But let's take a turn down by the water, and see if we can get a look at the brig. We've got plenty of time."

So they turned down to the shore, and almost the first object upon which Jack's eyes rested, after reaching the landing, was the brig in question. There could be no mistake. There she lay, off the point, like a huge bird at rest upon the water; every spar as precise as figure-work, and every rope hauled taut.

"Bion Bernard," spoke the old tar, with an emphasis which betrayed more than ordinary meaning, "if that ere craft didn't meet the water for the first time in Yankee land, then I'm much mistaken!"

"What makes you think so?" asked the boy.

"What makes me think so?" repeated Jack, as though he wondered how anybody could question the idea. "Why—look at her—that's all. Jest look at her."

"I have been looking at her; and I think she's a very pretty looking vessel."

"Aye—that she is, boy; and when we come to ask the capt'n ye'll find them sticks o' her'n were stuck in her by Yankee hands. D'ye mind the set o' them masts? And d'ye mind how that bowsprit hugs the water? None o' yer stuck-up bowsprits, as though it couldn't bear the smell o' salt water. Not a bit of it! But aren't she a beauty?"

Bion said she was; and so any sailor would have said; for it was true. She appeared to be a brig of some three to four hundred tons burden; long and symmetrical in form; with taunt, tapering masts, which had just rake enough to give her an easy look; and carrying all her yards as square as could be. Her hull, like most others, was painted black, with a broad white stripe just above the scuppers.

The two companions gazed awhile upon the vessel in which they were so soon to be quartered, and then turned back into the town. They soon found the same place where they had traded before, and here they asked to look at some more clothing.

On the present occasion Jack indulged in a species of lingual entertainment never before attempted by him. Even when he only had a few dollars with which to purchase clothing, he had taken whatever the salesman chose to offer for the money. But this time the old salt went directly into the argumentative line. He was astonished at his success; and in one case he achieved a victory which he had not even thought of. One of the first things shown him was a thick, rough pea-jacket—just the thing Jack wanted, and just the thing he needed. The shop-keeper asked him fifteen dollars for it.

"Can't give it," said Jack; and as he spoke he pushed the thing away.

"What will ye give?"

"Give you five dollars," he returned, meaning his offer for a joke.

The shop-keeper was surprised at the customer's immense ignorance of the value of "raw materials," the very wool, of which the jacket was made, having cost more than the sum offered.

Jack was no less astonished at the man's immense stupidity in supposing that he made the offer in earnest; and as an offset, he said,—

"Go 'way with yer old jacket. 'Taint worth five dollars." Then turning to Bion, he whispered,—

"If he'd let us have it for 'bout ten dollars I think I'd take it."

Now the boy had an idea of his own. He saw that the man was anxious to sell, and that he didn't put the jacket away as he did other things that were not wanted. So he whispered to his companion to stick to his five-dollar offer and see how it would work.

"Come," said the keeper,—"seein' as you haven't got much money, I'll say thirteen dollars."

But Jack said—"Pooh."

Then the keeper told once more about the cost of "raw material."

"Perhaps you can buy a second-hand jacket aboard the vessel," suggested Bion, loud enough for the keeper to hear.

"So I can," responded Jack.

"Hold on. What's the most now, you'll give me for this?"

"Tell him five dollars," whispered Bion.

"*Five dollars!*" cried Jack, with a gulp, for he really felt that he was insulting the man by such an offer.

"Well—*take it!*"

"What? Take it? For *five dollars?*"

"O, yes. A trade is a trade; and ye can't back out now. You offered me the money!"

"Well—I'm blessed!" burst from Jack's lips, as he took up the jacket and looked at it. It was a good one—just such as he wanted; but hadn't the fellow stolen it?

However, the jacket was paid for; and the ice being thus broken, other articles were purchased at fair prices; and in the end our two Yankees found themselves with a very fair stock of clothing.

"I'll tell you, Jack," said Bion, as they walked along towards the inn, "you paid just about a fair price, I should think. Your ideas of the value of such things are drawn from the prices which grasping men have made you pay. These fellows know that sailors spend money freely, and hence they ask exorbitant prices for all they have to sell. Don't you think so?"

"You must be right, me boy. Zounds!—Five dollars! And he asked *fifteen!* What a mean cuss he must be."

"Not so very mean, Jack. I think 'most everybody tries to get more for wares than they are worth. Nearly all men set such a price upon things as they think they can get. I have seen but very little of the world, but I *have* seen a little, and I have read more—and I must say, that when it comes to trading, or doing any kind of business, each man is pretty sure to look out for himself. The shopkeeper did so—and you did so; and the consequence was, you got a good bargain. Don't you see?"

Jack Wallace gazed with pride upon his wonderful protege. He began to consider Bion as a sort of oracle, and he respected him accordingly. But their arrival at the inn cut short their conversation, so that Jack had barely time to tell Bion that he was right, and to utter a simple assurance of his admiration.

They found Captain Warton in the sitting-room, he having just arrived. He greeted them very pleasantly, and was glad to see them so prompt.

"You'll allers find Jack Wallace on the mark, sir, if the wind and weather don't knock him off," said the old Salt, with one of his peculiar scraping bows.

"I'm glad to hear that," returned Warton; and then arising, and putting on his hat, he added—"I suppose you are all ready to go on board now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we'll be off. You have no chests, I suppose?"

"No, sir. My chest, and Bion's, too—and his was a nice one, with lots o' things in it—went down in the old Aldebaran."

"Well—we have empty chests on board."

"What's the name o' your brig, capt'n?"

"She's got a curious name, my friend. We call her the '*Wild Stag!*'"

"'Tis a kind o' curus name. But then she is fit to be called a stag if she sails as well as she looks."

"Ah—you've seen her?"

"Yes, sir. Me and Bion took a turn down by the shore as we went out."

"And you liked the looks of her, did you?"

"How could I help it, sir? She's a perfect beauty."

"I'm glad you like her. But come. We'll go on board, and you shall see how you like her then."

Jack and Bion picked up their bundles and followed the captain from the inn. At the landing they found a boat with four oarsmen in her. They were stout, neat-looking men, and seemed to have seen some hard knocks. But they looked about as any four seamen would look, taken at random from a vessel's crew—neither better nor worse than the average of men in their position. The two new hands took their seats by the captain, in the stern-sheets, and at a word from the latter, the boat was put off, and the oars dropped.

The nearer Jack came to the brig, the better he liked her form and appearance. She looked heavier and more substantial close-by, and her points of beauty were more apparent.

"My hies!" uttered the old salt, as the boat came within a cable's length, "What a nose for pokin' through the water! And what bends for rollin' off a white bone! And what a run! Ye won't find no dead-water under there! And I rayther imagine ye can spread a respectable quantity o' canvass on them ere sticks!"

Warton smiled at the man's enthusiasm; and then turning to Bion, he said,—

"I suppose you don't notice all these points?"

The boy started, and gazed up. There was a half fearful look upon his face, and his lips were compressed as though with heavy thought.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" he asked, trying to throw off the troubled feeling.

"He said he s'posed ye didn't notice all the handsome p'ints o' the brig," explained Jack.

"O—yes—I think her very beautiful," quickly replied Bion.

The captain cast a quick, searching glance into the boy's face, and in a moment more the boat struck the vessel's side.

When Jack Wallace reached the deck of the new craft, he cast his eye over the scene with a professional glance. The deck was flush, fore and aft; white and clean as sand, water, and holy-stones could make it; every rope in its place, and coiled away with mathematical precision; the bright work all polished; and the men all dressed neatly and cleanly. There were some dozen of the crew in sight, but they did not move towards the new-comers as sailors generally do when new hands come on board.

Jack might have noticed this latter circumstance had not the captain bade both him and Bion to follow him. He then led the way to the cabin, which was lighted by thick bull's-eye deck-lights, and four square stern windows. It was a very neatly furnished place, and Jack at once made up his mind that Captain Warton was a man who loved comfort and show as well as he did the sterner duties of his profession.

Just as the two recruits were seated some one above called the commander.

"Wait here one minute," he said, turning to Jack, "I will come back as soon as possible."

And in a moment more our two friends were left alone.

"Jack," whispered the boy, tremulously, "what do you think of this vessel?"

But Jack made no reply. He started half up under the influence of the boy's question; and for the first time a fearful doubt came upon him?

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ABOUT DRESS.

We freely acknowledge that we love to see a woman tastefully habited, if her situation admits of it; but splendor without gentility, as well in this as every other article where ornament is concerned, will ever seem poor and insipid to all but untaught and vulgar spirits; whereas on the other side it is certain, that the latter may very well subsist without the former; nor is its effect ever felt more strongly or happily, than when it receives no assistance from the other, but results solely from our perceptions of elegant simplicity, an object which appears to us deserving of more attention than is generally paid to it.

In the article of dress young women should let their judgment be seen, by joining frugality and simplicity together, in being never fond of finery, in carefully distinguishing between what is glaring and what is tasteful, in preserving elegance with the plainest habit, in wearing costly array but seldom, and always with ease; a point that may be attained by her, who has learned not to think more highly of herself for the richest raiment she can put on. Be assured it is thus you will captivate most and please longest. By pursuing this plan you will preserve an equality in that great indispensable article of neatness. You will be clean, and you will be easy; nor will you be in danger of appearing butterflies one day, and slatterns the next. You will be always ready to receive your friends without seeming to be caught, or being at all disconcerted on account of your dress. How seldom is that the case amongst the flatterers of the age! We wish we could say amongst them only. For young ladies of more sobriety to be found so often slovenly, we might have said downright squalid and uncleanly, when no visitors are expected, is most particularly shameful.

Were a young woman now-a-days, from a peculiar sense of the sacredness and refinement of female virtue, to appear with any very singular severity in her dress, she would hardly, we fear, escape the charge of affectation; a charge which every prudent woman will avoid as much as possible.

But let the license of the age be what it will, we must needs think that, according to every rule of duty and decorum, there ought ever to be a manifest difference between the attire of a virtuous woman and that of one who has renounced every title to that honorable name. It were indelicate, it is unnecessary to explain this difference. In some respects it is sufficiently discerned by the eye of the public, though we are sorry to say not sufficiently attended to by the generality of women themselves. If in other respects it be not seen or do not strike, the cause we apprehend must be that declension from the strictness of morals, which was hinted at a moment before; a declension that would have shocked pagans themselves in the purest state of ancient manners, when abandoned females were compelled to wear a particular garb, by which they were distinguished from women of virtue.

BEQUEATHING FORTUNES.

It should be considered with respect to wealth, that the value of it is never truly known but by him who has acquired it; so that when a provident but unwise parent submits to toil and hardship in order to leave an estate to his son, he only provides him something to waste and dissipate, but not to enjoy. The prodigal youth is even generally much less happy in spending the estate, than the father in getting it; though the object of his toil has been to make his son more happy in being exempt from it. Besides, it is a common observation, that there are as great fortunes, and especially as great a number of moderate fortunes, now in the possession of persons who have acquired them, as of those who have received them by inheritance; so that the chance of having a son *die* rich is perhaps as great when he has had a good education, and has only been put into the way of providing for himself, as when he begins with that independence, which he might have gained.

But the greatest injury that can be done to young persons, is to bring them up with expectations of living in an easy independence, when it is not in the power of the parent to enable them to support it. Young men in this case have hardly any resource but in gaming or the most desperate courses, and young women in an abandoned life.

Courage.—As every man in the exercise of his duty to himself and the community, struggles with difficulties which no man has always surmounted, and is exposed to dangers which are never wholly escaped; life has been considered as a warfare, and courage as a virtue more necessary than any other. It was soon found, that without the exercise of courage, without an effort of the mind by which immediate pleasure is rejected, pain despised, and life itself set at hazard, much cannot be contributed to the public good, nor such happiness procured to ourselves as is consistent with that of others.

WHAT THOUGH ILL BETIDE US.

A Song.

BY C. D. STUART.

O, what though ill betide us,
If those we love are nigh,
To smooth the brow of sorrow
And calm the heaving sigh?
One loving smile, will banish
The clouds of care and pain;
One loving word, will bring us
Joy's sunshine back again.

The darkest storm that sadness
E'er cast upon the heart,
Was but a fleeting shadow,
Which love could bid depart.
No weight of woe can thrall us
If those we love are near,
To soothe the drooping spirit
And dry the falling tear.

Our best and brightest treasure,
Our balm for every pain,
Is in the hearts that love us—
A linked and golden chain;
And with that chain to guard us—
A charmed and shining mail—
O, what though ill betide us,
It cannot long prevail!

WOODMAN'S TEARS.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Charles Woodman's father was determined that his only son should be brought up a merchant—a *merchant*, and nothing else. It abated not a jot of the paternal resolution that all the tastes, instincts and aptitudes of that son were those of an artist; that he was a dreamer from his cradle; and that his sensitive heart and beauty-loving eye both looked longingly toward *art* as a profession, and yearned for the freedom to sit at the feet of Nature, bowing to her as the teacher of the truest and highest art. Such notions were all fol-de-rol—they were well nigh ruination. So thought Charles Woodman's father; and, in consistency with this idea, Charley was discouraged, in every possible way, from indulging in his passionate longing to draw and paint.

At one time it was discovered by Mr. Woodman that his son had constructed quite a studio for himself, in the garret. A row of empty barrels and a drapery of cast-off coats, pantaloons and dresses, had been arranged so as to divide the sacred corner from the rest of the vast rubbish-room. Behind this scene, Mr. Woodman found his boy hid, amid numberless curious sketches and pictures, created by the help of charcoal and pounded stones, of various colors. The coarse but well-meaning father burst into one of his most objectionable horse-laughs at the sight before him. This explosion was the first hint of company that reached Charley, who, absorbed in a blissful dream of the beautiful things which he hoped to create, sat smiling to himself as he drew.

At the sound of his father's laugh, the child sprang up in painful confusion. Very well he knew that he could expect neither sympathy nor pity from his sire. Blushing and trembling, he obeyed the order to come out of his nest, and heart-wrung were the tears which he shed as his father proceeded at once to demolish his studio. The charcoal and paints were pitched out at the low window, and the pictures gathered to make food for sport below stairs.

"Come along down, and stop your whimpering. You may think yourself very lucky not to get a sound hiding to pay for this. So this is the place where you made yourself comfortable whenever you was needed to do anything below. Well, well—there will be no more of such work."

Mr. Woodman was great for telling Charley how near he was always coming to being whipped, but as to actually whipping the gentle boy, the farmer would as soon have whipped his wife.

But no blows could have cut Charley more cruelly than did the jests and scoffs which his mistaken and unappreciating parents bestowed upon his unfortunate pictures. Their treatment almost broke his heart. As soon as ever he could get possession of the offensive productions, he hurried them all out of sight, in the full intention of destroying them. This, however, he had not the resolution to carry through, and he ended the matter by folding them carefully up in newspapers, and hiding them away in the bottom of his chest. With the closing of the chest-lid over them, there closed up in the breast of Charley the brightest and the fairest nook in his young heart; and stifled within it were all the most beautiful hopes and dreams of his imaginative boyhood. They never again came forth to life or action.

It was never without a pang that the eye of the boy fell upon those pictures. In looking for anything in his chest, if his hand accidentally touched them it caused him to sigh; but never again was he known to touch pencil or paint brush with any idea of making a likeness of anything in the heavens above or in the earth below.

As he grew towards manhood, he experienced intense longings for an education—"a real college education," he used to repeat to himself. Studying was his great delight, and he ventured now and then to express his wishes to his father. But that worthy gentleman, having made his own fortune with no more extensive education than the common school afforded, could see no reason on earth why his son should wish to shut himself up for three or four years among musty books. He "poohed" at the idea so very contemptuously, that poor Charley was fain to yield that hope also, and settle down upon the idea of being nothing in the world that he could enjoy. And so he gave himself to his father's wish, grew up, and became a merchant. His delighted sire furnished him with a plentiful stock of goods, and a large supply of money—indeed, before either father or son fairly knew what they were about, nearly the whole fortune of the former was invested in a dashing business. Mr. Woodman, Sen., knew as much about mercantile economy as if he had spent his days in Saturn; and as for Mr. Woodman, Jr., *he* was about as well calculated for that kind of life and endeavor, as a tailor is to make steam engines. No prophet was needed to fortell the end of such a merchant's career. Three years told the whole story—with the hardest sort of labor, and the most anxious care all things persisted in going wrong; and by the time that Charles Woodman's house rejoiced in three little children, his health was fast failing, his spirits going with it, and his father's fortune gone—*all gone*. As an artist or a professional man, Charles would, beyond doubt, have distinguished himself, and have become a happy, useful, and independent man; but nature was outraged in him, and when the attempt was made to force her to work in a way for which she had, as regarding young Woodman, no commission, she utterly refused to do so; and so all became darkness and confusion. A dreary time it was when old Mr. Woodman became aware that all was lost. Too late, he began to wish that he had paid more attention to the wishes and the evident natural bent of his son's mind. Thus it is that wisdom is often learned when it is too late.

The distress of Charles was deep and wearing—he made few confidants—not even his wife was fully aware of the extent to which his misfortunes preyed upon his mind. It was not so much that he was bankrupt, as that the old age of his father was, through his means, made penniless—or nearly so. What was to be done? When the creditors were all paid off, there remained just four hundred dollars to our forlorn Charles.

"A farm," said his father—"a nice little farm, so that you and your children may have at least a home."

After some time a beautiful spot was discovered which the owner was willing to sell to accommodate a good neighbor. It was on the banks of a river; had many noble trees upon it; and was altogether a most desirable place. As the present owner was willing to take his pay in yearly installments or almost any other way, a bargain was soon made; and in a short time Charles and his family were comfortably settled in their new home. Their few years of dusty, noisy city life had taught them the value of the cool and fragrant quiet of the country; and under its sweet influences the spirits of Charles Woodman began to revive. He worked away with hands and heart, and his old father worked with him. Mrs. Charles Woodman not being used to farm life and work, was not altogether pleased with them; and she sometimes made the ears of her gentle-hearted husband tingle by reproaching him with having disappointed all her hopes, and condemning her to be "shut up" in the dull country. Bless the woman! she didn't seem to understand that she was *let out* into the country; and that the people who must stay in cities are the "shut up" ones.

But she was a delicate woman, and had never expected to be anything but a plaything for her husband, so that the reality came hard enough upon her at first. After the first year, however, her health and strength improved wonderfully, and with them her courage and good humor. She now took hold with alacrity and interest, and there was a great change for the better in everything in the house and about it. In two or three years Mrs. Woodman was as hearty and happy a farmer's wife as one could wish to see. She could not have been tempted to go back to the city to live. Things seemed all going right now. The farm was becoming a perfect gem, owing to the good judgment and skill of the elder Woodman, and the industry of Charles. Mr. Wilton—of whom it had been purchased, used to say jokingly that it was so much better than his place that he was sorry he ever let it go out of his possession. Said he—"If something could occur to disable you from making your last payment when it comes due, then I could just turn you out to take possession."

But Mr. Wilton was the most obliging of creditors. He had perfect confidence in the honesty of the Woodmans, and whether the payments were made when due, or not until months afterwards, (as was several times the case,) it was all one to him. He was a rich man, and had no *need* to hurry the matter—he was a patient man, and had no *disposition* to do so.

What a strange thing it is that such good men often have such wicked sons; and how equally strange that the most worthless parents frequently have really model children. Whether or not the sins of the fathers are always visited upon the heads of the children their *dispositions* certainly do not always descend.

The yield of the Woodman farm for the last two years had been exceedingly great; and the happy Charles had been able to deposit large sums of money in the bank. One only payment more was to come, and then he would be the owner of as fine a little farm as ever rolled its hills and spread its valleys to the sunshine. But now a change began to come; the spring was too forward, and a late frost did great damage to vegetation. Then came a long, burning drought, pervaded by grasshoppers and worms—the crops were cut off—all nature languished—it was too hot to work, almost too hot to live. "Well," said Charles, contentedly, "we can afford to take our ease, and to lose this year—thanks to the bounty which so overflowed the years that have gone before."

"If those sons of mine were only what I wish they were," said Mr. Wilton, "I don't know as anything that could occur would very deeply trouble me."

Poor father! Well, the summer and the autumn traveled on; all outlay, no income, that year—but Charles could stand it. There was more than enough in bank for that last payment, which came due on the 25th of November—and then, if there hadn't been, Charles would not have been alarmed, for Mr. Wilton would willingly wait another year.

The woods were all bare; and the winter winds already howling dismally through them; great fires were roaring in the farm-houses, and sweet cider (for the apples had not failed,) sparkled on every table; when pleasant, genial Mr. Wilton, after spending several evening hours with his friends, the Woodmans, took a smiling leave of them and turned away from their door—never, alas!—never more to cross its threshold—never more to clasp the friendly hands of the inmates of that mansion—never more to look upon the morning sun. The next morning the good and well beloved gentleman was found dead in his bed. He appeared to have died without pain; for a smile, almost like life, was upon his lips—his face was beautiful in the repose of death.

The shock of this event was keenly felt all through that neighborhood, for Mr. Wilton was valued by all; but by none was his loss more deeply regretted than by Woodman and his family—and with reason, with sore reason, although they dreamed not *how* sore.

Down came the sons of Mr. Wilton; some from their city business, some from college. They buried their father; they read the will; and they divided the property. One, the eldest, and most evil of them all, concluded to turn farmer. His portion was the homestead farm. With a great oath he swore that his father must have been in his dotage, when he sold to Woodman, for so mere a song, the most desirable part of that estate. He vowed he wished something might befall Woodman, which should render it impossible for him to make his last and heaviest payment, now nearly due.

Such wishes, are very apt, *at last*, to come home to roost; but sometimes they are granted to the seeming advantage of the one who utters them.

In the present case—we hasten over the painful facts—the bank which contained Woodman's money *failed*, just the day before he was to draw it out for young Wilton—and, in consequence of this dire misfortune, the dear home of the wretched Charles, the beautiful farm so long regarded as his own, so long worked for, so well beloved, was greedily seized upon by the villainous Wilton; and once more was Woodman homeless upon earth—now really helpless, for he had not twenty dollars in the world. He had also five small children—one always sick—and his father to provide for. The latter, upon learning the loss of the farm, sank at once into his dotage—he could bear no more—nor labor any more. Poor Charles also gave way—he shut himself into his chamber, and cried bitterly—such tears as fall from the eyes of a broken-hearted man. All day, and all the night, he staid there; and his nearly distracted wife could not by any means induce him to admit her. On the second morning he opened the door, and she went in—but was the haggard creature, with sunken eyes and grey hair, the husband that three days ago had looked to her so strong, and young, and beautiful?

"Oh! Charles! Charles!" she cried.

"Oh! Charles—my husband! are you, too, going to lose your mind as your poor father has? Oh! my dear love, *do not* give way to such despair. Why should you? We are all yet spared to each other—let us be thankful for that.—Come out to the morning air—come, walk with me. We can hire a cottage, and a bit of land, and work again; if we only keep our courage up, we shall not starve. Oh! I know we shall not. Come—come down with me."

He made no answer, but suffered her to lead him from the house—as they passed the kitchen, he saw his father sitting in his old arm-chair, weeping and wringing his hands. At this he groaned deeply; but walked on.

Now was the hour of Mrs. Woodman's strength. She showed herself able to endure more than the men on whom she had hitherto leaned. They were to leave their dear home within a fortnight; and it required all her powers of persuasion to stimulate Charles to the effort of seeking another house.

At length a small, low cottage, near the borders of a wood was taken; and with heavy hearts the family moved into it. One thing was in their favor, they had two good cows, several sheep, a couple of pigs, and a good many chickens. They had also a well stocked cellar and larder, and provision sufficient for all their live stock. Thus, as Mrs. Woodman said, trying to cheer Charles,

"Poverty in the country is, after all, a *very* different thing from poverty in the city."

They had also every thing for making themselves comfortable within doors—and in a little while they became really very comfortable. But the old man failed rapidly, and soon he died; next went the feeble child. Oh! how they missed those too. The mother would not show how much she suffered. She hid it for her husband's sake; but after his father and his child—dearest child of all, because of its very feebleness, and because of its angelic gentleness and love—had gone, Charles grew more and more listless and lifeless—he settled down into a heavy-eyed, absent-minded, utterly inefficient man. Never fretful, never cross, but always dull and spiritless. Mrs. Woodman had to be master and mistress too—and she proved herself capable of filling the double office—she, and she only could urge her husband to any exertion; but he always obeyed *her* instructions. When the spring work came on, she coaxed him into doing it; and she coaxed and pushed him through the summer, and through the fall; and she coaxed and pushed him through many summers and many falls; and at last the cottage where they dwelt was paid for; and they had a home, although a very humble one.—Yet they were thankful for it, and enjoyed it in peace.

The children grew up finely, and went steadily to school. They were healthy, handsome children, studious and docile; a great blessing to their hard-working mother; a comfort even to their sad and silent father. But, after many years, Charles Woodman was *sad* no more. He never became the man he had been; but he became a placid and contented man; thankful and happy because of his true and noble wife, his good and beautiful children, and his peaceable home. But how was it with his enemy—the wicked and covetous man who turned him from his delightful and valuable home? Why, it was *ill* with the man. It *had been* ill ever since that unjust act. There was trouble and wrangling within his dwelling; his children were avenging the wrongs of his father; and, as to the ill-gotten farm, it seemed that it was a decree passed above, that it must rain, rain, rain at every and all times when anything particularly requiring a hot day was to be done on it. It didn't happen once nor twice only; but regularly, year after year, let Wilton time his work as he would, it rained perpetually when he made his hay, and when his wheat was down, and when his corn was down;—all that he ever made off that ill-gotten piece of property, certainly didn't do him much good; and he soon became the jest of all his neighbors, who declared that those plentifully falling rains *were the ill-used Woodman's tears.*

There was a blight upon Wilton's crops, a ban upon his house. Not only "Woodman's tears," but everything else seemed to fall in judgment upon him. It is not safe or right to pronounce misfortunes to be judgments, even when they fall on very wicked men; for it is not *here* that settlements are made, either with the righteous or the wicked; but, certainly, when a man has once been guilty of an act like that of Wilton's, there is a great temptation to declare that his subsequent misfortunes are "just upon him,"—and especially is this temptation felt when the misfortune bears such a very suggestive relation to the fault as was borne to that of Wilton by the yearly falling of "Woodman's tears."

"Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him. Rob not the poor; for the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them. The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them."—PSALMS.

THE CHILD'S TREASURES.

BY MARY W. STANLY GIBSON.

It is little Carrie's birth-day. To-day, she is seven years old! What a long stride in dignity she has taken, since twelve o'clock last night! A whole year older—just think of that! Only a month ago, she complained to one of her little playmates, that she had been six years old so long, she was afraid her birthday had forgotten her, and she never should be seven! Time makes all right, you see, little Carrie! The day may come, when you will wish the years were longer, and slower in their flight—and you will sigh for the happiness of the little six-year-old!

Carrie is not a little city Miss. Her chubby little feet, more used to calf-skin gaiters than dainty morocco slippers, have never trod the magic pavement of Broadway. That checked gingham dress, and little belted apron, are better suited to the farm-house, and the orchard, and the broad-brimmed straw hat that lies beside her upon the grass, is almost as coarse as that her brother Richard wears to school. But Carrie cares little for these things. In her innocence and ignorance, she thinks herself the happiest child in the whole universe, and you could hardly persuade her to the contrary. Her round blue eyes might open a little wider at your tales of city life, but they would resume their natural size again, and she would shake her yellow hair over her sunburned cheeks, and dash away to play with her brother Richard, and his dog, Pompey, beside the goose-pond, and forget every word you had said, almost five minutes before your lips had ceased to move.

Carrie is sitting upon the grass plat in her father's yard, looking over her "treasures." Shall we peep also into the small lap that holds them? Well, then, to begin with;—here is a porcelain doll, given her on this very day, by her mother, and a bright silver sixpence, slipped slily in her apron pocket, not an hour ago, by her father. Then comes a ball of India rubber, sent to her, from that far away Boston, of which she dreams such wonderful dreams, by a little cousin. Beside the ball are some pieces of colored candy, the remains of a sugar dove her brother Richard gave her last Christmas,—and far too precious in her eyes, to be eaten. Then comes a forcible reminder of the little maiden's first grief—the brass collar of her pet dog, just as she unclasped it from his glossy black neck, before they buried him. The sunny face is clouded now, and tears stand in the large blue eyes—for she loved her dog, and though months have passed away since he died, the wound in her loving heart is not yet quite healed. But her face brightens again at the sight of a little smoothing iron—a real one, that she can put on the stove and heat, to iron her dolly's apron with. That also came from Boston, and was the gift of a boy cousin, who used to play with her last summer, dressed always, she remembers, in loose white pants, a blue jacket with shining brass buttons, and a wide collar with a long black ribbon to tie it. That little flat-iron is the eighth wonder of the world in Carrie's eyes, and her cousin Henry, who gave it, has the warmest place in her heart, after her father and mother, and brother Richard.

Is there anything more? Yes—an old, torn and defaced picture-book—that wonderful primer containing the legend of "A Apple Pie," with which so few of us are familiar. That, too, has been given to Carrie, to-day, by her grandmother, whose mother used to study it when she went to school. What a long, long time ago that seems to little Carrie, as she bends her round face over the yellow leaves, and wonders, soberly, if her grandmother's mother didn't know Noah, and if she wasn't well acquainted with the mysteries of the ark.

Here we will leave you, little Carrie. The years will come and go, and you will find yourself sixteen, and then twenty-six, instead of only six years old. Those golden curls will deepen into brown' and that laughing face put on a more serious look, as you get better acquainted with the world to which you have just been introduced. The Cousin Henry who used to play with you in the sailor's dress, will come back from his long voyages around the world, and crowd all you love now out of the warmest corner in your heart. You will come and sit on this same grass-plat, it may be, with other "treasures" in your arms—"jewels" like the Roman matron's of old. Very good and beautiful you will be then—but not our little six-year-old Carrie. And thus we like best to look upon you; for the world is full of men and women, but sadly lacking in genuine, careless, happy childhood. So we say good night to you, with a tender smile; we leave you sitting on the grass-plat, with your trinkets in your lap, reading in the book your grandmother's mother studied, about the apple pie—how "B bit it, C cut it, D divided it, E eyed it, F fought for it, G got it, H had it, I—what did I do? J jumped at it, K kicked it, L looked at it, M mourned for it, N nodded at it," and so on through the rest of the catalogue; and go our ways, thinking of you as little Carrie still.

RELIGION.

Believe no individual on earth who tells you that religion is a gloomy thing, and that its possession tends to melancholy. Should you look at a pious person, and notice a tinge of gloom upon his countenance, think not that it is religion that darkens the aspect or the features; it sobers the mind, but does not sour it. Religion enlightens the soul, consequently cannot obscure the light which should always beam in the Christian's eye. It checks the wild mirth of fools, which, in Scripture, is compared to the "crackling of thorns under a pot;" but it confers a cheerfulness to the heart which will cause the face to shine. It gives a mildness, a complacency to the feelings, which occasions gentle, cheerful manners. It creates simplicity of character, so beautiful, so attractive in youth, and produces that open frank-heartedness and benevolent friendliness of demeanor so lovely in all ages. We must recollect that divine grace, although it renews the heart and sweetens the temper, does not change the constitution of our physical being, from defects in which melancholy and gloom in religious characters frequently arise, and if indulged, darkness will be produced; but religion makes every sin hateful to the soul. Be assured, in every trial and vicissitude of life, that it is religion only that can make you happy, and that can give you cheerfulness of heart. Happiness is a sober feeling of the mind. We should never, then, permit an idea to arise that the great God is a severe, gloomy being, who delights in misery; but habitually think of Him as the kindest friend we have, who admits us to converse with Him. Yes, the great Jehovah delights to *listen* to the prayers of all His children; even from the mouths of "babes and sucklings" he can perfect praise. He attends to all our wants. Let us, then, go to Him with humble confidence, and pray that He would be the guide of our youth, the strength of our manhood, and the hope of our old age; and that He would give us that wisdom which is, of itself, sufficient to make us "wise unto salvation.

T. M.

DESTROYING THE ROMANCE.

A capital story is told of a young fellow, who one Sunday strolled into a village church, and during the service was electrified and gratified by the sparkle of a pair of brilliant black eyes, which were riveted upon his face. After the service, he saw the possessor of the witching orbs leave the church alone, and, emboldened by her glances, he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancied she evinced some emotion at recognizing him. He then quickened his pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let him come up with her—but we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own way:—

"'Noble young creature!' thought I,—'her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom.'"

"I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took of my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

"'Are you a pedlar?'

"'No, my dear girl; that is not my occupation.'

"'Well, I don't know,' continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly; 'I thought, when I saw you in the meeting-house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half-dollar on me about three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home, now, and he says if he catches the feller, he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but your the good-for-nothing rascal, after all!'"

ON TRAVELING.

To derive any advantage from traveling, it is not sufficient to pass through different countries: we ought to know how to travel; we ought to make a proper use of our eyes, and turn them towards the most important objects. Many gain less information from traveling than from books; being ignorant of the art of thinking, their understanding is at least directed by the author when they read, whereas in traveling, for want of a guide they can discern nothing. Others do not improve because they do not take pains to acquire information. They are pursuing such different objects, that this never enters into their thoughts; and it is a great chance if they ever see what they do not care whether they see or not.

There is a great difference between traveling to see a country, and traveling to see the inhabitants. With virtuosos the former is always the chief object, and the latter is a mere secondary consideration. He who wishes to be a philosopher must follow the very opposite plan. A child observes objects till he is able to observe men; a man ought to begin with studying his fellow-creatures, and then he may inquire into other things if he has leisure.

It is, therefore, a false conclusion to suppose that traveling is useless, because men do not, in general, travel with advantage. On the other hand, if the utility of traveling be granted, does it follow that it is desirable for every individual? By no means; traveling is perhaps suited to but very few people. No man should travel who does not possess sufficient firmness of mind and steadiness of character to hear bad principles without being corrupted, and to see bad examples without copying them.

Traveling confirms the natural bent of the mind, and will either make a man good or bad. For when a man returns from his travels, his character is generally fixed for life; and there are more men come home bad than good, because the majority were inclined to evil before they set off. Young men who are badly brought up, contract during their travels all the vices of those with whom they mix, without acquiring one of the virtues to which these vices are allied. But those who have really received a good education, whose good dispositions have been well cultivated, and who travel with a sincere desire to improve themselves, return home better and wiser than they were before.

Nothing sets forth to view more conspicuously the difference between a young man of sense and a fool, than travel. The first returns from foreign parts improved in easiness of behavior, in modesty, in freedom of sentiment, and readiness to make allowances to those who differ from him, and in useful knowledge of men and manners. The other brings back with him a spangled cravat, a spoiled constitution, a gibberish of broken French and Italian, and an awkward imitation of foreign gestures.

FAMILY QUARRELING.

It is an old and a just observation, that no situation can well be less entertaining, than that of a third person to lovers; yet while decency is preserved, which is generally the case before marriage, and by sensible and well-bred people afterwards; even in this situation, the mind that is stored with any images of its own, may amuse itself; and the heart that is fraught with any good nature, may find some satisfaction in considering the pleasure which the fond lovers enjoy in the company of each other. But from the uneasiness of being a third person to Quarrellers, there is no relief; your own thoughts are broke in upon by the jarring discord of your companions; and they will neither contribute to your entertainment, nor even suffer you to retain the tranquility of your own bosom.

Amongst the vulgar, where the men vent their passions by swearing, and the women by scolding or crying, their quarrels are generally soon made up; nor does any anger remain after reconciliation. But in higher life, where such efforts are restrained by good breeding, and where people have learned to disguise, not to subdue their passions, an inveterate rancor often lies corroding in the breast, and generally produces all the effects of inexorable malice.

People consider not, that by family repartees and oblique reflections on each side, the very inmost secrets of their lives are disclosed to their common acquaintance; and that they oftentimes inconsiderately lay open to their worst enemies, faults and imperfections in themselves and their relations, which they would take pains to conceal from their dearest friends.

SOME OF AN EDITOR'S TASKS.

Perhaps few undertakings require attention to a greater variety of circumstances, or include more complicated labor, than that of an editor who addresses the public in a periodical paper, and invites persons of every station, capacity, disposition, and employment, to spend, in reading his lucubrations, some of those golden moments which they set apart from toil and solicitude.

He who writes to assist the student, of whatever class, has a much easier task, and greater probability of success; for the attention of industry is surely more easily fixed than that of idleness; and he who teaches any science or art, by which wealth or honor may be acquired, is more likely to be heard, than he who only solicits a change of amusement, and proposes an experiment which cannot be made without danger of disappointment.

The author who hopes to please the public, without gratifying its vices, should not only be able to exhibit familiar objects in a new light, to display truths that are generally known, and break up new veins in the mines of literature; he must have skill to select such objects as the public is willing to regard, such truth as excites its curiosity, and such knowledge as it is solicitous to acquire.

POCKET-MONEY FOR CHILDREN.

There is no error more fatal than imagining that pinching a youth in his pocket-money will teach him frugality. On the contrary, it will occasion his running into extravagance with so much more eagerness, whenever he comes to have money in his own hands; as pinching him in his diet will make his appetite only the more rapacious.

If you put into the hands of your child more money than is suitable to his age and discretion, you must expect to find that he has thrown it away upon what is not only idle but hurtful. A certain small, regular income any child above six years of age ought to have, and we should think no extraordinary advance proper on any account. When he comes to be capable of keeping an account, he ought to be obliged to do it; he will thereby acquire a habit of frugality, attention, and prudence, that will be of service to him through his whole life. On the contrary, giving a young person money to spend at will, without requiring any account of it, is leading or rather forcing him upon extravagance and folly.

CONCEIT.—It is usually the most conceited people who take offence at the affectation of others.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK AS IT IS.

Every now and then, some *literateur* of the exaggerating school gives us a "Gas-light," or a subterranean picture of our city, calculated, if there were much truth or probability in it, to horrify all respectable, simple-minded citizens, and bring the commercial metropolis into odium before the country and the world. So, too, an occasional flat from the "rural districts," taken in by a "Peter Funk," goes home and discourses on what an awful city New York is—as though the *Funks* were a family indigenous only to the city. Now, we have lived in the city and in the country; and while we know that there cannot be other than a vast deal of vice and misery in a great and dense population like ours, fed as it is by importations of every species of vagabondism and pauperism, and preyed upon by the rogues of both hemispheres, we also know that its vices and deformities are less, in proportion to population and disadvantageous surroundings, than prevail all over the country.

To be sure, in the absence of as vigorous detective agents, and an indefatigably exploring press, the record of the country's sins is not so palpable and noised about—there is more escape behind canting professions and hypocritical disguises, but the wickedness is, notwithstanding, none the less perpetrated. In fact, the very worst scape-graces we have in our city, are demure chaps from the country. But even these, and the off-scourings of Europe nestled in our midst, leave us a franker, honester, healthier atmosphere, than pervades some more pretentious sections of our country.

The trouble with these agonizing authors of "yellow-covered" fables about city life and society is, that they picture only the places they frequent, and the society they are familiar with. Drinking saloons, gambling hells, houses of bad reputation, "Five Points" and "Hooks," wherever found, in city or country, are the same the world over, and whoever looks through their vistas for glimpses of life, will find abundant material for tales of ruin and horror. But these sinks and dens are but a small phase of a great city. To judge a city's character by them, is to make one's self the laughing-stock of sensible persons.

We have found that in this city, as everywhere else, idleness and dissipation lead to a uniform result—debasement and misery; and the mass of persons bemoaned by romancists, have mainly been the arbiters of their own fortunes. Naturally inclined as we are to sympathize even with the self-abandoned in their suffering, we hold that Carlyle utters a great truth when he says, "The world had much better sympathize with its virtuous and industrious, and thereby encourage that sort of thing, than to whine over its idlers, scamps, robbers and murderers—verily, the sooner these latter are choked to death, and model-prisons and tender-hearted committees of ladies to condole with felons, are done away, the sooner truth and justice will thrive." But with certain classes nothing takes like the morbid, fictitious picture; and while these classes exist, our city life will teem with tales of "awful disclosures," in which characters existing nowhere in respectable, honest society, will flourish to excite diseased imaginations. Fortunately, their audience is not of the better thinking and truer judging among us.

A MELANCHOLY EXPOSURE.

At a recent Free-Love meeting in Ravenna, Ohio, a "lady delegate" said:

> "Although I have one husband in Cleveland, I consider myself married to the whole human race. All men are my husbands, and I have an undying love for every one of them."

Is it not incredible that a woman should make such a declaration, in the face of her neighbors and of the world? But we have not dared to give this "loving" creature's full statement—the particulars being altogether too offensive for the columns of any decent paper. A conclave of Mormons, under the immediate inspiration of Brigham Young's salacious eloquence, and drunk with corn whiskey and the nude orgies of the "third degree," could not exceed in offensiveness and immorality some of the public utterances of these Free-Lovers, in the "old and *enlightened* States!" To such a pitiable condition is Spiritualism and its kindred humbugs bringing us.

DOOMED TARTARS.

After many centuries of fruitful peace, whose history, however pagan, so-called, shames the blood-stained record of more feudal and barbarous Christian nations, a violent revolution is sweeping over the "Flowery Land," threatening to break its last exclusive barrier, and open its very heart to the gaze and traffic of the whole world. The empire of order, whose sovereigns' edicts in other days, were regarded by two hundred millions of souls as the voice of God, is given over to disorder; her veil of seclusion is rent, and from the wall which she vainly built to stay the fierce Tartar, to the Indo-Chinese sea, the land of Confucius trembles towards her doom. The "Tenth Avater" hastens to descend upon her altars, and to overwhelm her temples and her gods.

Tien-teh, the rebel, "Brother of Christ," by his own modest assumption, copes with the "Countenance of Heaven," as the Emperor of China is termed, and with triumphant force carries slaughter and ruin from province to province. Imperiality flies, in the person of its high officers, like chaff before him; great cities that date their origin past the era of the flood, open their gates; and the clear issue seems to be that the power of the Tartar dynasty is broken, and that China is to be again ruled by sovereigns native to her blood and soil.

To those who are posted in the history of the Chinese, this revolution is no strange thing. The present rulers of China are Tartars, who mounted the "Celestial" throne through conquest, in the seventeenth century, and have held it since then by the force of arms. That is, held it chiefly, for mountainous portions of one or two provinces were never conquered by the Tartars. Haughty, by virtue of their nature, their warlike character and their power, the Tartar rulers of China, though few in number—not counting more than two or three millions in all China—and scattered mainly among the military posts and in all the chief offices, have ever held the peaceful Chinese in contempt. No means, one would think, have been spared to make the vanquished feel their degradation, and the victors their triumph. The Tartar, sporting his flowing hair and beard, has forced the Chinese to shave bare his scalp, that his head, plucked of its natural crown, might be forever a sign of his subjugation.

The Tartar has lorded it with a high hand, and a hard one. Though adhering to many of the wise maxims of his "Celestial" predecessors, and to the general policy that has for ages ruled the empire, he has entirely sought to keep himself, in blood, habits and costume, apart and distinct from his Chinese subjects. Their peaceful spirit he has construed into timidity; their zeal for learning he has cherished (as useful to the State) but not imitated; their industry and ingenuity in the arts, agriculture, and trade, have had his patronage, because they were fountains of revenue, and not because the Tartar thought it manly or noble, like his favorite pursuit of war and rapine.

Is it at all strange, that over two hundred millions of souls, thus servilely distinguished from their masters, should fret against the chains of bondage; remembering, as they must, the traditions of their fathers, and seeing and feeling, as they do, that for a great empire, renowned for its development, its age, and the indivisibility of its people, to succumb to so few taskmen, is a burning shame? No! The revolution in China is a struggle to hurl out foreign rule, and reinstate the Chinese dynasty. The hopes and sympathies of the Chinese, however temporary fear may prevent masses of them from acting against the Tartar, are with the rebellion, so-called, and with those who know most of its present there is not a doubt of its ultimate complete triumph.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR PARENTS.

There is no trait more beautiful than frankness. It is natural to the young. It always manifests itself in them, where their nature has not been perverted. That it is perverted, often, by even *well-meaning* parents, observation too plainly shows.

A kindly word, we trust, will not be amiss on this subject: Teach your children to be frank and out-spoken—to say "yes," or "no," as the truth demands, without hesitation or prevarication. Aye, and to be able to look the questioner in the eye, when answering, without quailing, or other sign of confusion. Let all such additions as "'pon honor," and "indeed," and "as sure as I'm born," be discouraged as unbecoming, because not needed to insure confidence—as rather calculated to weaken confidence than to strengthen it, because indicating a consciousness of there being ground for incredulity.

There are various ways of evading the truth. These are too apt to characterize the practice of parents, in the sight and hearing of their children. The latter are very observant, as well as imitative, and parents should not be at all surprised to find their evil ways imitated as well as their good ones. On the contrary, they ought to know that, of the two classes of habits, the bad are the most apt to be adopted. But not only so. The danger is that the notion that father and mother "can do no wrong," may have taken such deep root as to make wrong seem right in *them*. It is hard to prevent the child from seeking his *beau-ideal* of perfection in the parent. The tendency is, indeed, a natural one; and parents cannot be too frequently warned that the misfortune of a mistake, in this regard, lies not to the charge of the child, but the parent. Nature has so ordained it. It only remains for them to conform to her requirements, and then good, and not harm, would be the result of this imitation of their words and ways.

EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.

We hear a great deal about the extravagance of the *rich;* but if the question be closely examined, it will be found that the greatest extravagance is exhibited by the *poor*. Extravagance is a relative term, and depends on three facts, namely: A man's income; his necessary expenses; and the amount he expends for luxuries, or things *not* necessary. A man whose income is but ten dollars a week, and whose *necessary* expenses are nine dollars, would be extravagant should he expend a dime for an unnecessary article; while a man with an income of twenty dollars a week, and only ten dollars expenses, might indulge in several dollars' worth of luxuries, without rendering himself obnoxious to the charge of extravagance; and a millionaire, with an income of a hundred thousand a year, might economically *revel* in luxury.

The test of frugality is: Does a man live within his income? Does he save something every week? Is he better off every year than he was the year before? If he can answer these questions in the affirmative, he is an economical and thriving man, however small or large his income may be. Of course, there are degrees in thrift and economy, in expenditure and extravagance; and the wise man is he who, while sagely providing for the future, with enlightened foresight and amiable prudence, does not permit selfish parsimony and brutal avarice to murder the enjoyment of the present.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"SHUT UP YOUR MOUTH."

This angry sentence from a woman's lips to a little child—to her own child! How disgusting—how shocking—you exclaim. Ah, it is very well for you and me, with calm nerves and pulses, to sit in judgment on the speaker. It is very well for us, who need take no thought for the morrow, to weigh that harrassed, uncultivated woman's words in our nicely adjusted balance.

Since early day-light she has been toiling—toiling—in that gloomy cellar, to earn a few pence at her washtub; with aching shoulders and back, she stoops and scrubs, hour after hour, surrounded by children of all sorts and sizes, clamorous with childhood's needs for food, and drink, and fresh air, and cleanliness; none of which they have, or but in very scant portions. All the more reason why she must scrub and stoop, scrub and stoop without even stopping to hear their cries; not for one hour—not for two—not for half-a-dozen—but day by day, week by week, with, perhaps, the aggravation of a drunken or improvident husband to render her toil still more hopeless and endless. Now, suppose among the little weary group at her side, who hang ever upon her skirts, a quarrel arises, and little fists are clenched, for hunger is a sad brutifier, and a noisy appeal is made to the poor mother, who is ready to drop with fatigue and hopelessness, who can feel only one thing, that, let what will come, her *work* must have no interruption—or they would quite starve. No time to reason; no time to argue; no time to see justice done. An angry word—a hasty blow—and cowering childhood is frightened into silence.

Now, is it for you and me, full fed, well clothed, with our fingers within reach of the bell-wire, to sit in judgment on this toiling, unenlightened, tried woman? God forbid!

No. When I hear from her mouth such an unwomanly threat, I try to judge her as I know her Maker will; balancing against her short-comings, her trials and temptations. "Short-comings," did I say? My tears should blot out the word. What record of heroism can you show me greater than that of her who is ever weaving a web, which—toil she early, toil she late—fate so remorselessly unravels?
FANNY FERN.

WHAT SHALL WE NAME THE BABY?

Mary? Not so, my little ones; have you forgotten the head-stone in the church-yard, with that name upon it, and the little sister who lies beneath it? The new babe is welcome, but call her not Mary; there can be but one Mary. *Her* spirit-voice still calls me "Mother." Little feet, all unheard by you, trip softly round me. A little hand, which you, see not, gently clasps mine. A little shining head bends low with yours for a mother's good-night blessing. No, no—call not the new babe "Mary." Even a little sister may not wear the robes she wore, or efface the print of the fairy foot in the useless little shoe; the idle needle must rust in the doll's frock, where the busy fingers left it. The half-formed word must not be finished, even by a sister's fingers, in the little blotted copy-book; for between the new-born babe and me stands ever the shadowy form of the first-born. No, no, my little ones, not "*Mary*,"—take not away her birth-right.

"Now there are three of you?" Nay, my little ones, now there are *four;* three here—one with God.
FANNY FERN.

TO WRITERS.

Be original. Don't filch whole sentences from other writers, without honest quotation marks. Don't treat us to Dickens and water—or Thackeray and water—or Bronte and water—or any other writer and water. Be yourself, or be nothing. (I *have* known the terms synonymous!) Always remember, that in this reading age and community, *an imitation is sure to be seen through;* and that in attempting servilely to copy the style of another, you not only fail of gaining his style, but you lose every chance of individuality for your own. If you have nothing to say, don't say it; if you have, for patience' sake, use your own words to do it in, though they may be rough as a nutmeg-grater. Second-hand literary goods are a drug in the market.
FANNY FERN.

OPINIONS.

> "It seems to me a weighty offence against society to advance and maintain opinions on any important subject, especially any subject connected with religion, without carefully weighing them, and without feeling assured that we shall find no reason to change our belief."—*Prof. Norton.*

It seems to us a far weightier offence for a reasoning and progressive being to conceal his opinions, upon whatever subject, when, time and place considered, they are challenged: or when a man feels that he can further the truth or the right by advancing them. As to maintaining them, he is false to his noblest faculty, if he does not—providing he can—fairly and honestly. It strikes us as a great presumption in any one to assume, save in matters capable of absolute demonstration, that his belief is fixed and *cannot* be shaken. We care not whether the question or subject be profane or religious, temporal or eternal; while it is open to argument, belief, short of dogmatic assertion, cannot be settled beyond dispute.

While a doubt or speculation remains unanswered, how can the mind rest satisfied? And are a man's opinions to be suppressed, because it may take him all his life-time to solve, or perchance but half solve, his problem? We do not take it so. Let a man speak according to his knowledge and convictions, holding himself ready to be converted to any change of opinion warranted by new light. It is safe to suppose that "master minds," as they are called, are best capable of forming correct opinions; yet comparative fools have blundered out great truths, and is every one lesser than a master-mind, to be silent—to pass opinionless through life? It strikes us, that if there had been no conflict of opinion during the past ages; no triumph or failures of this or that creed, code, conclusion, or dogma, our race would be in a benighted and most unintellectual fix.

What are we made for, evidently, more than to reason within ourselves and with another? Other than that is animal life. And how reason without opinions; and how resist forming opinions while thought, imagination, and reflection exercise the mind? And when formed, or as formed, or during the process of forming—for in many things, especially those pertaining to the soul, to matters necessarily more or less speculative, we are all our life-time forming opinions—how is one likely to so well aid his judgment, as by expressing what opinions he has, and testing them on all proper occasions with counter opinions, to see which are the better. We doubt if Professor Norton, or any other eminent man, keeps all his opinions to himself until he is absolutely certain he can never more, in any respect, change them.

THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY FORREST.

"Me bring 'ou sweet flowers, 'ou so tired."

It was the gliding in and out of an angel; and there lay the pure offering, sending up its delicate aroma of rest—*rest*. Dear boy, Ernest! His little pale fingers had banded them together—the flowers he loved best—and brought them to whisper to me, as they whispered mysteriously to him, of beauty and peace.

He was right. I *was* tired. Tired with my day's task; tired of social falsehood and intrigue; tired of books;—pretentious essays, without one solid thought—green leaves of sentiment and fair blossoms of metaphor, undulating to the movement of the serpent-principle beneath—voluminous autobiographies, without a heart-throb—poetry, stiff, stark and cold;—tired of friendship; tired of myself; tired of mockery!

And these flowers were to be my *rest*. I folded the little soft hand in mine, and kissed the large, blue, luminous eyes; and he was gone. But a holy influence stayed behind with the flowers. Beauty and innocence had ministered unto me—and I rested.

Ernest is taking *his* rest now, down in the valley. He suffered much, and was very tired before he fell asleep; but I remember his sweet ministry, and carry rose-buds and violets to lay above him for a rest and a sacrament. Dark days have come to me since then; and sometimes I have cast sorrowfully about in the mist for a single star. But, in some form, the comforter always comes; I hear again the soft voice—invisible hands bring flowers—and I rest.

Last night, they told me my beautiful friend was drowned. A June morning—a pleasant party—a sudden overturn—and the great-souled Eustace had gone down—had gone up to the angels. When a calm, comfortable friendship is suddenly shut out, there cometh a shock—a hush, a chill. In that one direction we are alone—unsheltered. Our rock of defence is lifted out of its place. The storms beat through the gap; the cold winds sweep down the mountains; the unbroken sunbeams torture us. I felt hard and emotionless. My eyes wandered mechanically down the page I had been reading and came upon these words:

"——Why should we weep to part with those,
Who scarce an hour will reach the promised land,
Ere we, too, cast our pilgrim staff away,
And spread our couch beside them."

Here was an answer of peace. Death is a sweet rest; and the beloved are waiting. The soft hand and the flowers were on my heart again; not

"—— as the harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations,"

but, with gentle finger-touches, stirring its mute strings to a low, tremulous harmony. I could weep now; and the tears were blessed ministers. Every sorrow has its antidote. Earth is thronged with the handmaids of the beautiful; and he who sits cowering in the ashes of his discontent is both weak and wicked.

The boy, Ernest, "sleeps well,"

"Where a winding streamlet dimples and sings,
And buttercups wave on the shore;
And the whip-poor-will's note a memory brings
Of clustering curls, and a motion like wings,
And a soft-gliding shadow before."

But the angel Ernest is always with me.

MOUNT VERNON.

Almost in sight of a Capital which bears the greatest of republican, as of mortal names, lies Mount Vernon. It is an estate, named after a proud English noble, but famed as the home, for nearly half a century, of one who led Freedom's host until English Lords and Commons were alike humbled, and the Lion of an insolent despotism was made to trail his mane in the dust. Mount Vernon!—not only the home, but the sepulchre place of the best, the bravest, and the purest of the mighty dead. Of that sole man on the record of our race, who accomplished the supremest destiny ambition could desire—the freedom of his country, the love of his countrymen, and the admiration of the world, without yielding to one temptation of power, or leaving one stain on a character peerless among men; a character forever intensifying its beauty in the light of its own brightness, and across which, might fitly be written by the finger of an angel—

"He served his country and his God."

Yes, there lies Mount Vernon, and the dust of its once living owner moulders within a shattered mausoleum on its soil. For half a century it has mouldered there, and the hands of time and modern Vandals have been alike rude; the one, by its gradual decay of the fair forms and surroundings of Washington's home, and the other, by its sudden and impious defacements of both home and sepulchre. Sunshine and shadow have long floated over dwelling and tomb, since their great tenant went out from the one and down to the other, and each day the sunshine has fallen on a sadder picture of mutilation, and the shadow has perpetually deepened over a scene of growing desolation. Miltiades has beaten back the Persian; Greece and her altars are safe, but the ashes of her deliverer may be loosely scattered upon a soil saved from the tread of Helots, to be desecrated by robbers—to become in half a century a stigma upon a nation's character and name.

THE FRUITS OF SPECULATION.

We clip the following item of intelligence from the NEW-YORK *Daily Times:*

> As one of the morning papers of Saturday alludes to the failure of a prominent newspaper publisher, caused by stock speculations, we deem it proper to state that a rumor has been current for several days that the individual obligations of Mr. THOMAS MCELRATH, one of the publishers of the *Tribune*, and the President of the Nassau Bank, have recently gone to protest.

Mr. McElrath's great fault was having "too many irons in the fire." It is not long since he lost a large amount of money in a patent-medicine enterprise, in which he and the manager of one of our theatres were the leading proprietors. He has also lost money, we believe, in other speculations. Notwithstanding we have but little sympathy with the *Tribune*, still we regret the failure of one of its publishers—we never glory in any man's troubles; on the contrary, we would like to see every man get along prosperously and happily. We do not think the *Tribune* will be affected to any serious extent by this affair. Were we one of its subscribers, we should have no hesitation about forwarding our subscription money to it as its patrons have done heretofore.

A NEW BOOK BY FANNY FERN.—Messrs. Mason Brothers have in press, and will soon issue, a new volume by FANNY FERN, under the title of "Fresh Leaves." This work will contain a collection of the authoress's newest and best efforts, in which the witty, the pathetic, the pungent, the spicy, and the bristling, will, as usual, abound, and alternate with most appetising variety.

ELEVEN bears were killed in one week, lately, in the woods of Clinton and Columbia counties, of this State.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

MANY forms of matter, unlike "imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay," are elevated and improved by decomposition. For instance, gnats and other annoying insects, devoured by birds, are converted into music, their unfortunate buzzings being but an inharmonious prelude or tuning of instruments for the warbling of the Lark, the song of the Thrush, and the full concert of all the winged choristers that turn the summer air into melody.

AN ingenious and amusing contemporary says it is curious that the more legs a creature has, the farther it manages to get away from humanity. If it has four, it becomes a beast; going on to six or eight, an insect; if it happens to command a regiment of feet, it is nothing better than a reptile; and if so unlucky as to be *all* feet, a polypus, scrambling awkwardly along on the dividing-line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

IT is remarkable, that, in our researches after wealth, we rarely take counsel with the wealthy who might be supposed the best qualified to impart the secret of its acquisition, but rather lend ourselves to the delusions of the ragged and the starving, whose poverty is the most certain proof of their ignorance of the mystery. One must have the *ears* of Midas to listen to those who pretend to possess his *touch*.

FEW men have a more ready excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage, who, being asked why philosophers always ran after rich men while rich men never courted philosophers, replied, "because the latter know they want money while the former haven't sense enough to know they want wisdom."

UNDOUBTEDLY the pathetic orator, who, in the most melting part of his discourse, exclaimed with tears—"I wish I had a window in my bosom that you might see the emotion of my heart," was taken considerably aback by the exclamation of the vulgar boy in the gallery, exclaiming, "wont a *pane* in your stomach do this time?"

THERE is probably a good deal more point than gallantry in the question we have heard asked, why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is thought entirely correct for the ladies themselves to appear before the gentlemen with no sleeves at all.

A MAN riding a mare followed by a colt, undertook to swim his animal across a stream. Finding himself swept away by the current and unable to swim, he in his confusion seized the tail of the colt. The spectators upon the shore called out to him to let the colt go and clutch the dam. "'Tis no time now," said he, "to *swop horses*."

IT has been said of a very long-nosed and short-sighted Dutch writer that he wiped out with his nose half that he wrote with his pen. And it has been thought a great pity that a good many American writers haven't noses just twice as long as the Dutchman's.

AN old Greek author says that Camblee ate his wife, and, in the morning, found her hands in his throat. It is rather to be feared that many a poor fellow in these days finds the hands of his shrewish wife in his throat without having swallowed her.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE paper talks of a spear of grass six feet *twelve inches and a half* long. He is as smart as the chap, who, having for the first time mounted a watch, and being inquired of as to the hour, replied, "it wants sixty-three minutes of half past seven."

WE have lately read of several fashionable ladies on the streets, who, upon the giving way of a part of the machinery of their dresses, were frightened at the thought that they were bitten by snakes. The reptiles, however, were "*hoop snakes*."

WE see in various newspapers what purport to be "remedies for smut in wheat." We should be very glad if some practical remedy could be devised for smut in the newspapers themselves.

THE mere contact with truth it seems to us, would be fatal to some men. Truth is said to "live in the bottom of a well," and, if they were pitched down after it, their first movement would be to "kick the bucket."

THE last accounts from Peru give some indications of ill-feeling on her part toward us. We should, of course, hate to have the Peruvians bite us, though we have no objection to a little *Peruvian bark*.

THE editor of the Texas Chronicle says that he can but laugh heartily at the craft of some of his neighbors. So we suppose. We read a long time ago that

"The little dog laughed to see such craft."

WE once heard it said of a very dull but good-natured fellow that it was a thousand pities he was not ill-natured, as then it would be allowable to kick him out of company.

A FRIEND of ours says that it is his will to speak the plain truth, and nothing else, about men and things. It is our will, too, and, what is better, our *wont*.

IT is rather a sad fact that the ancestors of a great many men, who boast of their coats of arms, had no coats to either their arms or their backs.

THE Port Gibson Herald wants to know "what the poor Indians will do when the Buffaloes are extinct." Indeed, we can't tell. We are afraid they'll have to *bear* it.

A PERT writer in a Minnesota paper boasts that he has a "rod in soak" for us. We have no manner of doubt that he is an *old soaker*.

FRIENDSHIP must be founded on mutual esteem. It cannot exist long among the vicious, for ill company, like a dog, dirts those most whom it loves the best.

GOUT, undoubtedly, is sometimes the father's sin visited upon the child, but it is much more frequently the child of one's own sins visiting its father

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN named Curtis, from the rural districts, who was stopping up-town with a friend, on retiring to bed, *blew out* his gas light instead of turning it off. The consequence was that he was nearly strangled by the gass, which soon filled his room to suffocation.

THREE girls, from seventeen to twenty-two years of age, named Freelingson, recently disappeared from a township in Minnesota. It is feared that they have been kidnapped by Indians, as traces of the latter were discovered in the neighborhood.

A MAN in New Jersey, who was in the habit of cruelly beating his wife, was recently seized by a company of indignant neighbors, placed astride a sharp-edged rail, carried to a mill-pond, pitched headforemost therein, and kept there until he promised to behave himself in future.

IT is estimated that the Sepoy mutiny in India will cost the British Government fifty millions of dollars. Some English writers are hinting that the most terrible vengeance will be taken upon the natives, and that Delhi, Meerut, and other cities will be blotted out of existence.

A MAN named Storgel, residing in Kentucky, not long since tied his wife to a tree in front of his house, and beat her with a club until she died. Her offence was, telling her little son not to drink whiskey and swear, as his father did.

A WOMAN living on the farm of Mr. Wrather, of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in a fit of despondency killed her three children, by hanging two and drowning the third in a well, and then hung herself on the pole on which the wellsweep rested.

THE oldest man in America is now living in the town of Elwood, in Kansas. His name is James O'Toole. He was born in the county of Donegal, Ireland, in the year 1730; so he is now one hundred and twenty-seven years old.

THE famous English racer, Eclipse, and his decendants (the last of which died not long since,) won, in all, the enormous sum of nine hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars.

AS a company of girls were picking raspberries in Niagara county, a few days since, one of them was bitten by a rattlesnake, on the instep of her right foot, and died in four hours.

IT is proposed to observe the one-hundredth birth-day of LA FAYETTE, which will occur on the sixth of September next, as a national holiday throughout the United States.

BLACK squirrels are so numerous in some parts of Ohio, that they are alarming nuisances and make great havoc among the grain. The boys have fine times hunting them, and often kill from forty to fifty each, in a day.

A FEW mornings since, the papers contained accounts of seven murders that had been committed the afternoon and night previous.

AN intemperate woman, named McIlhone, was recently found dead in a cellar that she occupied in Water street, and her body half-devoured by rats.

A FRENCH *savan* says, that recently, near Lyons, a little cloud, no bigger than his hand, killed a peasant woman, by *dropping a thunderbolt on her head*.

CLOE TO CLARA:

A SARATOGA LETTER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Dear Clara:—I wish you were here;
The prettiest spot upon earth!
With everything charming, my dear,—
Beaux, badinage, music and mirth!
Such rows of magnificent trees,
Overhanging such beautiful walks,
Where lovers may stroll, if they please,
And indulge in the sweetest of talks!

We go every morning, like geese,
To drink at the favorite Spring;
Six tumblers of water a-piece,
Is simply the regular thing;
For such is its wonderful virtue,
Though rather unpleasant at first,
No quantity ever can hurt you,
Unless you should happen to burst!

And then what a gossiping sight!
What talk about William and Harry;
How Julia was spending last night;
And *why* Miss Morton should marry!
Dear Clara, I've happened to see
Full many a tea table slaughter,
But, really, scandal with tea
Is nothing to scandal with water!

Apropos of the Spring—have you heard
The quiz of a gentleman here
On a pompous M. C. who averred
That the *name* was remarkably queer?
"The Spring,—to keep it from failing,—
With wood is encompassed about,
And derives from its permanent *railing*
The title of "Congress" no doubt!"

'Tis pleasant to guess at the reason—
The genuine motive which brings
Such all-sorts of folks, in the season,
To stop a few days at the Springs.
Some come to partake of the waters,
(The sensible, old-fashioned elves,)
Some come to dispose of their daughters,
And some to dispose of—themselves!

Some come to exhibit their faces
To new and admiring beholders;
Some come to exhibit their graces,
And some to exhibit their shoulders;
Some come to make people stare
At the elegant dresses they've got;
Some to show what a lady may wear
And, perhaps,—what a lady should not!

Some come to squander their treasure,
And some their funds to improve;
And some for mere love of pleasure;
And some for the pleasure of love;
And some to escape from the old,
And some to see what is new;
But most—it is plain to be told—
Come here—because other folks do!

And that, I suppose, is the reason
Why *I* am enjoying, to-day,
What's called "the height—of the season"
In rather the loftiest way.
Good bye—for now I must stop—
To Charley's command I resign,—
So I'm his for the regular "hop,"
But ever most tenderly thine, CLOE.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FLIGHT FROM THE HEADLAND.

"Overlive it?—lower yet—be happy?
—wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action,
lest I wither by despair!"
TENNYSON.

Estelle had been too strong to die.

With the skilful attention of the village physician, the devoted care of her faithful servant, and the fervent prayers of the parish minister, she had recovered from her long and dangerous illness.

The first use she made of her convalescence was to abandon the Headland House.

Since the first exciting visit of Lord Montressor to the place, the scene had become insufferable to her. To fly from it, or to lose her reason seemed the only alternative.

Ah! it is a comparatively easy thing, in some exalted mood of mind, to make a supreme offering of affection to the shrine of duty—as easy as self-slaughter is, if that were required! for the wrench of parting, like the throes of death, is but a short agony! But such voluntary immolation is not self-slaughter, it is more, it is the self-inhumation of the living! The heart thus cut off from the love which is its life, does not find the peace of death but the dull anguish of a living tomb—it cannot die, but continues to throb, to yearn and to suffer. Thus the TEST is not in the fierce struggle with temptation and the keen pangs of sacrifice, but in the terrible re-action; in the dull, gnawing pain of all the after time; in the aching sense of bereavement, loneliness and utter desolation; in the long succession of dreary, weary days that dawn without hope and decline without comfort—each an added link to the heavy chain of hapless years, that drag the spirit to the dust; years of slow heart-wasting; years of death in life!

Estelle had thought, when she had severed herself from her lover, that the struggle and the agony was over and the victory won. And after the torture of the criminal trial, and the pitiless battery of myriad eyes that had fallen upon her defenceless head, and after the moral warfare between her deep affections and her high sense of duty,—after all the tempestuous, thronged, and trying scenes through which she had been dragged,—worn out in frame and exhausted in spirit, *rest* had seemed welcome and *solitude* inviting. She had sighed for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade."

She had sought and found in the Headland such a retreat. The very desolation and dreariness of the locality had attracted her. The solitary gloom of the dark pine woods, the sterile brow of the bank, and the lonely waste of waters accorded well with her soul's sadness. The melancholy days of Autumn—"the saddest in the year;" the incessant weeping of the skies; the unceasing wailing of the wind; the perpetual sighing of the trees for their ever falling leaves; the monotonous moaning of the sea;—all harmonized with the dirge-like, mournful music of her own spirit.

But this mood was in itself, morbid and temporary. It would not have lasted, even had Lord Montressor never arrived at the Headland to break it up.

Unsuspecting her presence at the house, he had appeared. Unseen by him, she had watched him from her window. Stifling the mighty hunger of her heart, she had suffered him to depart.

And then had come the crisis of the fever.

After her recovery—to remain upon that spot associated with the memory of his short sad visit; in that house so void, so lonely, so cheerless; without a companion, without an occupation; without an interest in life; to rise each morning without object; to lie down each night without sleep; to put away day after day, week after week, month after month, the longing desire to hear from him, to write to him, to go after him;—to continue such a life and not go mad, was difficult—was impossible.

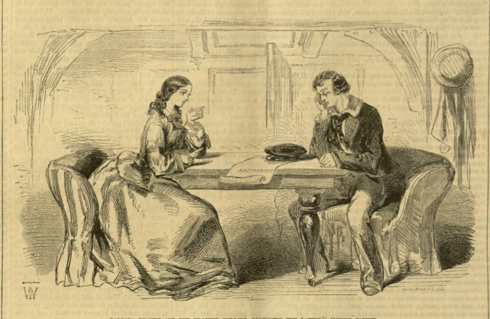
To save herself from this last worst evil, she resolved to shut up the house and leave the Headland; to go—somewhere, anywhere, she knew not, cared not,—whither!

If her journey should only afford her change of scene, and distraction from one clinging grief—that would be enough.

At this extremity of need, when she was scarcely competent to the conducting of her own course, Providence sent her unhoped for aid and advice.

This came in the form of old Mr. Goodloe, the parish clergyman, who had visited, pitied, and prayed for her during her severe illness.

The Reverend Barnabas Goodloe was not a man of any great depth of feeling, breadth of intellect, or extent of experience. But he had passed the greater portion of a long life, in performing the quiet duties of a country clergyman. For forty years he had preached simple sermons to a rustic congregation; had married young men and maidens; christened children; buried the dead; counselled the living; comforted the afflicted; visited the sick; and relieved the poor, of the parish of Eastville. But in all his life, so interesting an object as Estelle had never crossed his path. In his capacity of clergyman, he had been called to her bedside to pray for her recovery, by Susan Copsewood, who had a great and saving faith in "the effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man," and who ascribed her beloved lady's restoration to health, not so much to the skill of the physician, as to the petitions of the pastor.



BARBARA BRANDE AND HER BROTHER WILLFUL DISCUSSING THE LATTER'S FUTURE CAREER.

But Mr. Goodloe could not forget the sweet pale face, and deep, soft tones, and gentle manners of the beautiful sufferer, in whom at the very first sight, he had felt so keen an interest. And though she did not belong to his congregation, and had not once appeared in his church, nor yet had in thanking him for his attention, invited him to call again;—despite his dread of being considered intrusive, he felt irresistibly impelled to pay her a visit.

Estelle received him with the gentle courtesy for which she was distinguished, again thanked him for his kind attentions during her illness; and afterwards on receiving his adieu requested him to come again. Probably her first omission of this civility had been unintentional. At least so reasoned the aged minister, who soon repeated his visit to Estelle, between whom and himself a mutual esteem arose.

On one of these visits, after contemplating her despairing but most lovely face, and noticing that it grew visibly thinner, paler, and more shadowy, he took her slender hand and said—

"My child, I would not for the world seek to intrude upon your confidence; but your countenance too plainly betrays that you are the victim of some deep, consuming, almost incurable grief. Whatever that grief may be—and I do not seek to know—this dreary scene and lonely life is not the way to wrestle with it successfully; for it is overcoming you,—you are dying under it."

"Were that all, indeed, that were well!" replied the lady, mournfully.

"Not so, my child; for life has duties. You have no right to drop the burthen of existence; we must all first earn the Heavenly rest. You are not a native of this place, lady; for you there is no healing in these solitary scenes; you must arise and go hence; you have means; go into the crowded city; seek out the unfortunate with which the lanes and alleys are thronged—find the lost men, the wretched women, and destitute children; forget your own, in ministering to their greater sorrows."

"'Greater sorrows,' good Heaven!" echoed Estelle, in mournful incredulity.

"Yes! *greater* sorrows! however great yours may be—I repeat that there are many, very many who all their mortal lives labor under greater sorrows. You—whatever your grief may be—have youth, health, beauty, intellect, education, competence, a conscience void of offence, and, above all, you are not 'without God in the world.' Your single sorrow is a disappointment, or a bereavement. That is all you probably have to suffer. But for many others,—to disappointment, and to bereavement, is added age, illness, famine, cold squallor, the evils of ignorance, the remorse of guilt,—and under all the horrors of a practical atheism! Behold! I have given you a glimpse of an existing Gehenna, of which you had never heard or dreamed; but to which you will go as a ministering, and redeeming angel."

Estelle was deeply moved; pale and breathless she arose and placing her hand in that of the pastor, murmured faintly—

"That is my work. I thank you for indicating it. I will go."

He laid his hand on her head—

"Go! an unprofessed sister of charity, among the poor, the ignorant, the sick, and the prisoners. Go! hand-maiden of the Man of Sorrows, follow Him in works of mercy, and He will give you His 'peace—not as the world giveth will He give it you.' And so God bless you!"

And the good old man departed.

And she did not again sink in the bathos of a self-indulgent sorrow. She went to work and prepared for her mission. She set her house in order; visited the quarters of her humble friends, the old negro couple, and added many substantial comforts to their cabin. She wrote a letter of adieu to her landlady, Barbara Brande, and committed it to the care of her attorney to be delivered. Then she closed her house, left the keys for the convenience of the proprietor, with old Neptune, took leave of her few lowly acquaintances, and, accompanied by her devoted attendant, departed without leaving behind any clue to her destination.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PASSAGE OF YEARS.

"On! on! our moments hurry by
Like shadows of a passing cloud." BOWRING.

Five years have elapsed since the events recorded in our last chapter, and six since the fatal incident with which this story opened.

Sir Parke and Lady Morelle after having used every means in their power for the recovery of their daughter gave up the search in despair, and retired to Hyde Hall, where, year after year, they lived in a sort of hopeless watching for some circumstance to arise that might guide them to a knowledge of her home.

Lord Montressor, after long and fruitless efforts to discover the retreat of his lost love, unable to endure life amid scenes so associated with vain hopes and memories of Estelle, had accepted service under the crown and represented his sovereign at one of the highest continental courts.

Still young, eminently handsome, accomplished and graceful, endowed with great wealth, high rank and the distinguished favor of his sovereign, he moved, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," among the youthful, beautiful, and gifted of his own and other countries. But no second love displaced his lost Estelle, no transient fancy for a single instant disputed her home in his heart. Her memory was dearer to his soul, than the most beautiful woman's presence, the faint hope of some day finding her, was sweeter than the highest aspirations of his worldly ambition. Her idea filled his whole heart, from which it was never for an instant absent. He loved her above all created beings, with a pure, passionate, undying love—with a longing, hoping, praying love. He understood and honored the motives of her self-sacrifice. And be sure, that if ever he shall find her, he will hasten to lay at her feet an unchanged heart.

A year previous to the time at which we resume the thread of our story, Lord Montressor, by the death of a distant relative, had succeeded to the title and estates of the Earldom of Eagletower. And six months after this new accession of dignity his lordship had been ordered by the government upon a secret and most important diplomatic mission to the city of Washington. To veil the political aspect of his voyage, as well as to form a pleasant party, Lord Eagletower, (as we must now call him,) had invited Sir Parke and Lady Morelle and Lord Dazzleright to accompany him to the United States. The baronet and his lady, weary of Hyde Hall, needing a change, and vaguely hoping to hear of their daughter, in the country in which she had been last seen, accepted the invitation. Lord Dazzleright, who had never visited America, was glad to avail himself of the present opportunity of doing so in the company of his friends. Thus it was in May, 184–, five years from the time when they had lost sight of Estelle, that the whole party sailed for the United States, where they arrived safely in June.

But where, meanwhile, was Estelle? The scenes that had known her now, "knew her no more." Save in the hearts of the few who loved her, her memory seemed to have perished from the face of the earth. Yet, in the far distant, great metropolis of the western world, the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the all-suffering, daily invoked blessings on the head of a dark-robed, lovely lady, whose beautiful pale face was seldom unveiled, save by the side of the invalid, the destitute or the sorrowful, and whom those who gratefully remembered her in their prayers, called by the name of "Estel." How or where this angel visitant lived, not one among her proteges knew. But day after day, and week after week, this child of wealth, luxury and refinement might have been seen in the squalid haunts of poverty, disease and ignorance, sitting beside the fetid bed, breathing the sickening air, waiting upon the often repulsive objects of illness. And this not for one month, or two, but month after month, and year after year, for the whole lustrum during which her friends had lost sight of her. And not in vain, for, with her, into miserable dwellings came light, knowledge and purity; and before her fled ignorance, prejudice and disease. The close room would be thrown open to the reviving air of heaven; the heated clothing renewed; the parched lips and burning skin of fever refreshed with coldest water; and, above all, the fainting and despairing spirit raised and guided to the feet of the all-merciful Physician of souls, who never yet sent a suppliant away unhealed. And oh! how often her slender hand has been clasped in tearful gratitude, and prayers and blessings have greeted her coming and followed her departure? And those who prayed for the lovely minister of mercy, besought the compassionate Father of love to look down in pity upon her who pitied all other sufferers, and to lift from her palest brow that heavy clowd of strange sorrow that overshadowed it.

Such, for five years, had been the life, labors, and consolations of Estelle.

And our favorite, Barbara Brande, the handsome amazon, the brave girl-captain, what of her and her boy-brothers, who must have almost reached the bourne of manhood?

Barbara was now twenty-seven years of age. Under favorable circumstances, woman should continue to grow handsomer until her thirtieth year. Whether the beautiful amazon was under such auspices or not, it is certain that at twenty-seven she was a much finer looking woman than she had been at twenty-two. She had continued her sea-life, and had prospered therein. The little brigantine, the Petrel, had been exchanged for the "Ocean Queen." Her crew was quadrupled, and each hand had been selected with the greatest care and caution. Her brothers had nearly reached man's estate, and were now able to sustain her authority in cases of exigency. Her trade had greatly increased.

In a word, Barbara Brande had but one living regret.

This was caused by the conduct of her eldest and favorite brother, Willful. Now, do not hasten to conclude that young Willful Brande contracted evil habits, for such a judgment would be the very antipodes of justice.

A nobler hearted or more upright youth than Willful Brande never lived. He comprehended and appreciated his brave and beautiful sister, and thence he loved and honored her above all creatures on earth; and also, thence he was her greatest comfort and her best beloved; her "right-hand-man," her "gallant mate," her "beau," were some of the playful pet names she had bestowed on him. Her "rudder," her "sheet-anchor," her "storm-staysail," were other earnest synonymes for her brother, Willful Brande.

He resembled his sister. In the tall, lithe, strong and graceful figure, in the well-turned neck and stately head, in the clean cut, noble features; in the jet black curling hair, and the full commanding eyes, he seemed the very counterpart of Barbara. Had they exchanged dresses, the one might have been taken for the other. And as this grand style of beauty was rather masculine than feminine, it proved even more attractive in Willful than in Barbara. Willful Brande had continued to be his sister's greatest pride and joy, until he approached his sixteenth year. Then the youth conceived the ambitious idea of entering the United States Navy, and gave his sister no peace until she had, through an influential friend of her family—General ———, one of the senators from her State, procured for him a midshipman's warrant. And Willful Brande now rejoiced in a naval uniform, and looked forward to the time when he should wear the epaulets.

And Barbara, with Edwy for mate, still commanded the Ocean Queen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HEIRESS OF THE ISLE.

"Thus from within and from without,
She grew a flower of mind and eye.
'Twas love that circled her about,
And love that made her quick reply."
STERLING.

Changes had also in this time passed over the charming sea-girt island and its inhabitants.

Etoile from a beautiful child had grown into a most beautiful maiden. Her form was of medium size and of exquisite symmetry. Her golden ringlets were more sunny bright, her smooth forehead more snowy white, her blooming cheeks and lips flushed with a richer carnation, her blue eyes softened with a deeper tenderness. All her motions were perfect grace, all her tones perfect melody.

Her mind was one of the finest order, and was well cultivated, because she had followed up her earlier course of instruction by diligently reading the numerous volumes carefully selected for her use, by Julius Luxmore. She was passionately fond of music and of painting, to the study of which she had first been introduced by the accomplished Madame L'Orient, and which, of late years, she had with the aid of manuals, enthusiastically cultivated. For the rest the beautiful girl was blessed with the sweetest temper and the gayest spirit. And thus, taken for all in all, she was the moral sunshine of the Island.

Julius Luxmore continued the honored friend and confidential agent of Monsieur Henri De L'Ile. He sought by every means to ingratiate himself into the confidence, esteem and affection of the master, the heiress, and even the negroes of the Island. He was handsome in person, plausible in sentiment and pleasing in address. He seemed a miracle of ability, honor and benevolence. The master distinguished him, the servants lauded him, and Etoile having few to love in the world, loved him; but it was with a younger sister's innocent, confiding affection.

And even if in some unguarded hour, when his mask of fair seeming was not fitted closely, Etoile with her fine feminine instinct faintly perceived that he was not in all respects perfect excellence, she quickly suppressed this idea, accusing herself of injustice and all uncharitableness. She absolutely *saw* nothing wrong in Julius Luxmore; there appeared to be no *reason* for her occasional suspicions of his soundness of integrity, and therefore she repelled those suspicions as both unjust and ungenerous.

For with all her mental and moral wealth—with her strength of intellect and warmth of affection, this beautiful young recluse of the Isle, cut off from communication with all the rest of the world, was the most unsophisticated child of nature, entirely innocent of the knowledge of conventional life. If she always moved, spoke, and acted with the most exquisite politeness, it was because her soul was as gracious as her person was graceful. And if sometimes she made quaint mistakes, they were always the natural mistakes of a pure heart that thinketh no evil.

Mr. Luxmore had done all that man could do to recommend himself to her good opinion. He taxed his invention to increase her resources of interest and amusement.

In his frequent visits to the cities of the main land he collected the rarest and most attractive books, pictures, statuettes, vases, and ornamental, useful or instructive objects of every description.

At the Island, he had a green-house built and filled with the rarest exotics, that she might enjoy flowers all the year round. Adjoining the green-house, he caused an aviary to be erected, which he peopled with the finest song birds of our own and other countries. These conservatories were connected by glass doors with the favorite parlor and bed-chamber of Etoile, which now occupied the right hand side of the hall on the first floor. And thus the young heiress could at all seasons of the year enjoy the perfume of flowers, and the songs of birds.

The Island was, as I have already said, a mile in diameter, and three miles in circumference. Mr. Luxmore caused a road to be cleared around the whole circuit of the Isle above the beach, that Etoile might have a long three mile race-course. And on his next visit to New-York, he purchased from a celebrated riding-school a lady's trained palfrey—a beautiful silvery white Arabian, which, together with a rich saddle and bridle he shipped and conveyed to the Island for the use of Etoile.

Of all the presents that he had brought, this the most delighted the young girl. And she cordially expressed her thanks. It was Mr. Luxmore who first lifted her into the saddle, and taught her to guide her horse—it was Mr. Luxmore who was her constant companion in riding.

I will sketch one day, that the reader may judge how the beautiful young Islander, without companions of her own age, passed her time.

At the rising of the sun, the jubilant matin songs of the myriads of birds that swarmed the Isle awakened her. She arose, and knelt, and offered up her morning worship, then came out of her chamber, where she was joined by Madeline, who with a bathing dress hung over her arm, attended her young lady down to the crystal creek, where for half an hour she bathed and swam about like a nereide in the limpid stream. Then resuming her ordinary dress, she returned to the house where Julius Luxmore would be waiting with two horses to take her on her morning ride. After a gallop of three-quarters of an hour around the beach, she would return with a fine appetite for breakfast. After the morning meal was over, she would retire to her own parlor, the front room on the right hand of the passage on the first floor, where she would occupy the long forenoon in reading, drawing, and practising music on the piano or guitar, until one o'clock—when she would go out for an hour's walk in the shady groves before returning to dinner at two. After the mid-day meal she would take her needle-work and go into her uncle's cool sitting-room, where she would sit and sew, while the Monsieur Henri reclined in his arm-chair, and Julius Luxmore read to them both from Milton, Shakespeare, Paley, or some other of the English poets or essayists, until the old man fell asleep. They would then leave him to enjoy his nap, and go down to the beach, enter the smack, hoist a sail, and take a run of five or six miles up and down the Bay; after which they would return to an early tea. When the evening repast was over, Etoile would take her guitar and join her uncle and Julius Luxmore on the vine shaded piazza, where they would sit, and she would sing and play for them, until the hour of retirement. At ten everybody on the Island was in bed.

Thus I have given you as a sample one day of Etoile's life. A sufficiently happy programme for a single day; but when day after day, week after week, and month after month, with little variety, passed in this manner, it is not surprising that it should become monotonous and wearisome, and that, notwithstanding all the means and appliances of happiness with which she was surrounded, the beautiful Etoile should sigh for the unknown world beyond, which her imagination painted in such brilliant hues. And when Mr. Luxmore, after one of his visits to the mainland, would return, bringing some rare exotic, some beautiful bird, some exquisite picture or sweet-toned lute, she would receive them with a smile of joy and gratitude that would be quickly followed by a deep sigh of aspiration, for that world beyond, whence all these beautiful things came! For if everything that came from that distant shore was so charming, how much more charming must the shore itself be, she reasoned. And thus time and circumstances increased her longing to see the mainland.

But it was during the severe winter months when the ice-bound shores of the Island sequestrated its inhabitants from all the rest of the human race, and allowed neither going forth nor coming in, that the society of Julius Luxmore was considered the very greatest acquisition to the enjoyment of the family. During the short days, when they could not venture from the house, Mr. Luxmore would play chess or backgammon with the old man all the morning; read to him and to Etoile all the afternoon, and recount for their amusement his adventures by sea and land, all the evening. Thus he rendered himself almost indispensable to the house.

It was in the fifth year of Julius Luxmore's residence upon the Island, that an important event occurred, which shall be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EUTHANASY.

"Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'ercanopies the west.
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
Then like an infant sink to sleep
On earth my mother's breast."
OLD POEM.

The circumstance alluded to at the close of the last chapter, was the death of Monsieur Henri De L'Ile.

It was early in the autumn of the fifth year of

Julius Luxmore's residence on the Island, that the old man departed to the better land. His decease, as is frequently the case with the extremely aged, was sudden and painless. His death was as beautiful as his life had been beneficent. And this was the manner of his falling asleep. Upon the afternoon of the first of October, he had, in company with his niece and his friend, partaken of a slight supper of coffee, cakes and fruit. He lingered a while in the piazza, listening to Etoile's guitar. At the close of her song, he smiled, laid his hand upon her bright curls, prayed God bless her, and then calling his pet spaniel, he walked out to his favorite arbor seat of late Bourbon roses, to sit and watch the golden autumnal sun go down behind the distant shore of Northumberland. He remained out so much longer than usual, that Madeleine went forth to seek him.

She found the old man sitting on the bench; leaning back against the frame of the rose-wreathed arbor, seemingly sleeping a sweet sleep. Not a feature of his fine old face was disturbed, not a tress of his silvery hair dishevelled. His hands rested together on his lap; a blooming rose remained in his relaxed fingers. His favorite spaniel lay at his feet, quietly looking up into his calm face. His two white pigeons were near—the one perched upon his shoulder, cooing and pecking fondly at his cheek, the other flying in playful circles around his head. Madeleine spoke to him once—twice—thrice—and receiving no answer, took his hand. The lingering rose fell to his feet; the hand, the form, was icy cold. The loving spirit that had warmed it for more than ninety years, had left it for a higher sphere. Such had been his Euthanasy.

Etoile wept vehemently over his death; but the tears of youth are like morning dew or April showers—quickly dried.

He was buried quietly beneath a great old elm tree near the shore. By his own long previously expressed wish, no marble tomb oppressed his body's last sleeping-place. Etoile would remember his grave, and the angel of the resurrection would know where to find him; that was enough, he had said.

By his will, which he had executed during a lucid interval at Heathville, where his monomania was unsuspected, and which was duly opened the day after the funeral, it was found that he had left the whole of his vast property to his grand-niece, Etoile L'Orient, and appointed his good friend, Mr. Julius Luxmore, the guardian of his heiress. Not a single allusion to king, kingdom or princess, betrayed his partial insanity. A codicil to the same instrument emancipated his faithful servant Madeleine, and her son Frivole.

This codicil, strange as the circumstance may at first sight seem, *pleased* Mr. Luxmore. He had always dreaded the secret influence of Madeleine over her nursling, without well knowing how to obviate it. Now, however, the way was clear.

And he informed the quadroon that herself and her son being manumitted by their late master's will, must forthwith quit the Island.

At first, poor Madeleine was dismayed. The mild service of her master had been to her, protection, safety and support. The shores of the Island had bounded her world. She knew no other. To leave the Isle, to abandon her young nursling!—freedom under such conditions struck her as an overwhelming misfortune. She actually reversed Cataline's immortal speech, and exclaimed—"What's set free, but banished?" She tearfully represented to Mr. Luxmore, her strong attachment to her home, and to her young charge on the one hand, and on the other, her own inexperience, her helplessness, and her dread of the world of strangers.

But Julius on his side described in glowing colors, the "world beyond," dwelling with enthusiasm upon the great advantages it possessed for her own advancement, and above all for that of her beloved son, Frivole. He also fired the mind of the boy with a vehement desire to tread those unknown shores. And between the eloquence of her patron, and the importunity of her son, poor Madeleine became resigned, if not reconciled to depart.

Mr. Luxmore also voluntarily promised to take the mother and son to New-York, and to procure for them suitable employment.

And Julius kept his word—being quite willing to put himself to thus much inconvenience, for the sake of separating the nurse from her charge, and ingratiating himself with Etoile.

For, though the young creature sadly lamented the loss of her "Maman," yet having been persuaded by Mr. Luxmore, that it was all for Madeleine's good, she was not only reconciled to her departure, but even grateful to him for taking her away.

"You are going to the beautiful world beyond, Maman," she said, "and some day I, too, shall follow you." And unwilling to cloud the departure of her nurse with a single complaint, the girl had heroically abstained from expressing the keen regret she felt at loosing her. When the sail that wafted Madeleine and her son away, was lost to view, Etoile abandoned herself to weeping for a while, but on recovering she took herself to task, saying—

"How selfish I am to weep, because Maman has gone to the beautiful world beyond! I ought to be glad, because I myself wanted to go there so much." And she repelled grief as a sin of selfishness, and went and got her drawing materials, and occupied herself with painting from memory a portrait of "Maman."

Mr. Luxmore performed his promise, that is to say, he conveyed the mother and son to New York, procured for Madeleine the place of chambermaid, and for Frivole, that of waiter, in a third class hotel, and abandoned them to their fate. Now, whether this change of fortune was considered "favorable" by the servants of the late Monsieur Henri De L'Ile remains an open question.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ETOILE COMES INTO HER ESTATE.

"But what are these grave thoughts to thee?
For restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest to be free.
Thy only dream is liberty." LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Luxmore returned early in November, bringing many rare presents for Etoile, consisting of costly books and pictures, an elegant paint box, furnished with drawing materials, model plaster casts and marble statuettes, an exquisitely sweet-toned lute, and a collection of fine music.

It was in Etoile's boudoir that these attractive presents were displayed to her delighted eyes.

"Ah! how beautiful! how glorious! how heavenly! must be that world, whence all these charming things come!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Luxmore smiled at her hallucination.

"Ah! when shall I too, see that lovely world?"

"When you are married, Etoile."

"When I am married,"—softly repeated this child of nature—"and shall *I* ever be married?"

"Certainly, fair one."

"And to whom shall I be married?" she inquired, looking up in innocent surprise.

"Do you not know then?" asked Julius Luxmore, gazing wistfully into her eyes.

"No, indeed, Mr. Luxmore, no one ever told me," she answered artlessly, without dropping her pure, unconscious eyes.

"I thought you understood that you were destined to be my bride."

"Your bride? No, indeed, I did not know that before, Mr. Luxmore. Did uncle wish it?"

"Certainly, my fair one. Besides it is your interest."

"I need no inducement to obey my dearest uncle, Mr. Luxmore; but when are we to be married then?"

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the innocent creature, with a deep sigh of aspiration.

"But why?" inquired Mr. Luxmore, curiously.

"Oh!" she replied, with another deep inspiration, "because I do so *long* to go to the beautiful world beyond!"

"And you wish to get married that you may go thither?"

"Oh! yes, indeed!" she said, clasping her hands fervently. "When shall we be married, Mr. Luxmore?"

"In some few months from this."

"So long! Oh, Mr. Luxmore! why can it not be now?"

"Because, my lovely girl, you have not yet reached a marriageable age."

"And what age is that?"

"No matter, my dear, you have not reached it."

"But, oh, Mr. Luxmore, how can you say that? I have read in history, again and again, of princes and princesses married in their cradles. There was the Princess Elizabeth of Hungary, and the Prince of Thuringia, and many others."

"But they were princes."

"And am not I a princess?"

"Yes, my sweet! by virtue of your beauty, genius and goodness, you are a princess; but in no other wise," replied Julius Luxmore, thinking that the time had now come for this explanation.

"How, in no other wise?"

Mr. Luxmore proceeded to explain to her that the Island kingdom, king and princess, had been merely a pleasant phantasy on the part of her late uncle. Not for the world would Mr. Luxmore have risked the danger that might have grown out of his communicating to the young heiress the fact that Monsieur Henri De L'Ile was of unsound mind, and, consequently, legally incapacitated to execute the instrument which constituted himself, Julius Luxmore, the sole guardian of the young heiress and her large estate.

Etoile received the news with less surprise than might have been expected.

"I am satisfied now," she said, "upon a point that for a long time troubled me."

"And what was that?"

"I used to pick out our Island in the map of the United States, and I found that it was an adjunct to the State of Maryland. Therefore you see I could not understand how it should be a little kingdom."

"And you are not much disappointed to find that it is not?"

"Oh, no, no; on the contrary, I am glad to understand clearly my real condition."

"And yet, fair one, in some sense our beautiful Island is really a kingdom, and we are its sovereigns." Julius Luxmore, henceforth always spoke in the first person plural, thus associating himself with Etoile and her estate—it was to accustom her to consider him as a joint proprietor.

"How then, Mr. Luxmore, since our Isle"—(the simple girl followed his lead in the use of the plural pronoun)—"is not a kingdom in all respects, can it be a kingdom in some senses? and how then are we in *any* sense sovereigns?"

"Thus, my sweet. Our Island is our undivided possession, cut off from all the rest of the world ——"

—— "The beautiful world!"—interrupted Etoile.

"Over this insulated possession we have far more power than a king has over his kingdom. We can let it, lease, sell it, or bequeath it to whomsoever we will! A king cannot so dispose of his kingdom."

"No, certainly not."

"And then again, my fair, we have more authority over our people than a sovereign has over his subjects. We can hire, sell, or bequeath any man, woman or child among them to whom so ever we please. A sovereign cannot so dispose of his subjects."

"Assuredly not; but this superior power we possess over ours, should only make us more mindful of our people's welfare and happiness.—So my dear uncle taught me."

"He was right," said the wily Julius, "and that was the reason why I took Madeleine and Frivole to New-York, where they will be so much better off."

"Oh yes, you are so good," replied the innocent creature. And then she fell into a deep reverie, and wondered why it was that *she* so often felt that Mr. Luxmore was *not* so good as he seemed. And this fine insight she blamed as an injustice; its suppression she regarded as an insincerity; its confession she seemed to consider almost a duty. Yet the unwillingness to give pain restrained her communication; she resolved silently to combat what she considered an uncharitable feeling. And thus her natural instincts, which might have saved her, were conquered as sins. After this little struggle with herself, she spoke again.

"To return to our first subject, Mr. Luxmore, why may not I who am so nearly a princess, have the privilege of one, why may I not marry now, and go to the beautiful world beyond?

"Is there in the civilized world, another young girl so unsophisticated as this sweet maiden?" said Julius Luxmore to himself, as he met her pure clear blue eyes raised in innocent enquiry to his face; he answered.

"Because, my sweet, not being really a princess, not having a royal father to give you away, your marriage would not be legal."

The conversation here closed for the time.

Julius Luxmore had formed the determination to spend the winter in Paris. The beautiful Island was in summer a delightful residence; but in winter, its ice-bound shore was to this roving Sybarite the walls of a prison, while distant Paris seemed to him a paradise of freedom and pleasure.

But in order to leave Etoile with safety to his own interests, there were many previous arrangements to be made. It was now, as I have said, early in November. He wished to sail for Paris about the first of December. The time was short, and it was necessary to bestir himself.

First of all, with a portion of the ready money left in his trust for the heiress, he purchased a small wild farm, some twenty miles inland from the Northumberland shore. Then he drafted from the Island slaves every young and middle-aged man, and several women, and sent them off to "Black Thorns Farm," his new purchase, where he placed them under the care of a competent overseer.

Thus there were left on the Island, only aged men and women and children.

For the service of the young heiress, he had selected an honest, affectionate old negro woman called Moll, a hunchbacked old man, misnamed Timon, and their grand-daughter Peggy. These were directed to take up their abode in the mansion-house, to supply the place of Madeleine and Frivole, and to protect and wait upon Etoile

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ETOILE LEFT ALONE.

Her sweet song died, and a vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.
WHITTIER

Not until all these arrangements had been completed did Julius Luxmore announce to Etoile his intention of leaving the Island to spend the winter in Paris.

The young creature looked dismayed.

"Oh, Mr. Luxmore, you will not go and leave me also! My dear uncle is dead; Madeleine and Frivole have gone; winter is at hand, when I can not go out; you will not leave me alone on the Island all these dreary months!"

"My sweet girl, I go at the call of duty. Besides you will not be alone. There is still a gang of young women and a force of old men on the Island, and in the house you have Timon, Moll, and their grand-daughter, Peggy."

"I know, and they are good creatures, and I will do all I can to make them happy; but, Mr. Luxmore, I cannot make companions of them," replied the maiden, with a certain mild majesty.

"But, my fair girl, you can seek companionship in your books, your music, and your drawing. You can employ these winter days in perfecting yourself in belles-lettres and arts, and let me see when I return what progress you have made; for Etoile, with the earliest spring, I will be here again."

Etoile smiled, but the smile was so sad. that Julius Luxmore hastened to say—

"You would not detain me here against my duty, would you, my fair?"

"No, oh no! it is selfish in me to repine. I will do so no longer. Go, Mr. Luxmore, to the lovely, distant world; but come back to me with the flowers and birds of spring," said Etoile, and with a brighter smile she offered her hand.

"With the earliest birds and flowers of spring, I will be again beside my princess, and claim the hand of my promised bride," exclaimed Julius Luxmore, gallantly lifting the tips of her fingers to his lips. Then, with a smile and bow, he left her, and went to make his final preparations for departure.

From this day a man with telescope at hand was constantly stationed on the look-out from the beach, to watch for and hail the first up-bay vessel. For it was Julius Luxmore's intention to go to Baltimore, thence to New York, whence he expected to find the earliest opportunity of sailing for Havre.

He held himself prepared to leave at half an hour's warning.

It was at sunrise, on a fine, clear morning, early in the month, that the man on the look-out reported a sail bearing up the bay.

Mr. Luxmore ordered him to exchange his telescope for a speaking-trumpet, and when she drew sufficiently near to hail her, to take on a passenger.

The man obeyed, and the clipper came to anchor within half a mile of the Island, and sent her long-boat ashore.

Julius Luxmore, all ready to depart, sent his trunks and boxes on board the boat, and only waited for the appearance of Etoile, to take leave of her before going.

He knew that he had not to wait long.

Etoile, fresh, blooming and beautiful as a rose, came down from her morning toilet, and stood beside him on the piazza.

"You are going, then, this morning, Mr. Luxmore?" she asked, trying to smile, and to speak cheerfully.

"Yes, my fairest and best beloved; I am going. It is duty that turns me from your side."

"And duty must always be obeyed, I know," she said.

Julius Luxmore looked at her for a moment. He seemed to realize with a strange thrill that the fascinating creature beside him was no longer a child.

He thought her, as she stood there, the most beautiful creature that his eyes had ever beheld. Her dress of deep black by the contrast of its shadow only threw out into stronger light the dazzling clearness of her snowy skin, the brilliant bloom of her cheeks and lips, and the sunny splendor of her golden ringlets.

He longed to clasp her to his heart and press a kiss upon her rosy lips. But he durst not as yet. He never had dared to embrace Etoile. For though in her unconscious innocence, she had freely promised to become his wife; and though as long as his endearments had been confined to *words*, she had received them very quietly, yet he had noticed that whenever he ventured to caress her, she shrank as a sensitive plant shrinks, at the slightest touch.

Therefore he abstained from a parting embrace, lest he should alarm her delicacy, and fatally repel her confidence. And thus, alone, helpless, and in his power as she seemed, his gentle and submissive ward, and his promised bride as she was, her maiden modesty, and native dignity effectually protected her from all undue familiarity on the part of Mr. Julius Luxmore, until, as he promised himself, the law and church should place her irrevocably in his power.

"The boat waits—I must tear myself away from you, my own Etoile," he said, taking her hand.

She gently withdrew it; but affectionately replied—

"I will go down to the beach with you, Mr. Luxmore. Surely you do not think I would part with you on the threshold of the house, when I might walk with you down to the shore, and watch you even to the ship?"

"My darling girl! but it is so cold for my Etoile."

"No, I had prepared for the cold," replied the child, beckoning her sable maid Peggy, and taking from her hands a large fleecy white shawl, in which she wrapped her head and shoulders.

They then went down to the shore, where the boat waited. The baggage was already stowed, and the sailors were impatient.

"Remember your promise to write every week, and to send Timon to mail the letters at the Heathville post-office," said Mr. Luxmore.

"Oh! yes, you may be sure that I will never miss doing so. It will be my best comfort," replied Etoile.

"And if you should ever be ill enough to need a physician's services which is not at likely, send for old Doctor Crumton."

"Yes, I will remember and obey you in all things my dear guardian."

"And now, farewell beloved and beautiful Etoile"—he said lifting her fair hands to his lips—"farewell for the winter."

"Yes, farewell for the *winter*; but with the first birds and blossoms of spring you have promised to come back."

"To claim the white hand of my beautiful bride," replied Mr. Luxmore, pressing her slender fingers. Then he relinquished them and jumped into the boat, which was immediately pushed off, and where he stood looking back and waving his hat as long as he could see the fair Etoile lingering on the shore.

Julius Luxmore's voyage was rapid. Favored with a fair wind, he soon reached Baltimore, whence he took the cars to New-York, where he arrived early upon the morning of the day when the regular packet was to sail for Havre, and in which he immediately took a berth. The passage across the Atlantic was equally prosperous, and early in the new year he found himself at Paris.

Mr. Luxmore's immense wealth, or rather that of his ward, which he freely appropriated, enabled him to enter extensively into the English and American society of the French metropolis.

He contrived to get admission into an English Club, and by his adroit manœuvering, he learned for the first time a fact of the greatest importance to his plans; it was, that of the decision of the Court of Arches, recognizing the legality of the marriage of Victoire L'Oriente with the only daughter of Sir Parke Morelle.

And Julius Luxmore discovered with a thrill of joy, that the beautiful Etoile was not only the actual owner of the rich Island, but also the sole heiress of one of the wealthiest estates in the west of England.

Thus, in birth and in fortune, as well as in beauty and accomplishments, she was a match for a prince! But she should never know it! He would guard her more jealously than ever, and not until she had become his wife, should he take her from the Island, present her to her aristocratic relatives, or claim in her behalf the Island estate to which the documents in his possession would enable him to establish her right.

And he longed with eager, vehement, passionate impatience for the time to come that should secure to him the possession of this peerless prize.

He resolved that their marriage should be delayed no longer than her sixteenth birth-day, which would arrive the ensuing midsummer. To pass the intervening time with as little sense of tedium as possible, he plunged into all the gayeties of the French capital. Then he made a short tour through Italy. And finally, towards the spring, returned to Paris, to collect *bijouterie* for Etoile, and to prepare for his homeward voyage.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"CHANGE MAKES *no* CHANGE."

"Through plots and counter-plots,
Through gain and loss,
Through glory and disgrace, the eternal stream
Of human happiness glides on."

MORE ABOUT THE THUGS.

In Bengal, the crime of Thuggee exists, but the practice is not the same as in other sections, for Bengal is much intersected by rivers, and the plan is therefore modified to suit the circumstances of the country. Here the practice is to inveigle travelers on board pretended passage-boats, manned by Thugs, and then to strangle them and toss the bodies into the river. The Thugs thus tell the story themselves:

"The principal men of the gang, or the shrewdest of them, go along the roads, each having a servant carrying his bundle, and proceeding towards the ghat where his boat is to be found, whether going up or down the river. When a traveler overtakes him, he learns whither he is going, pretends to be ignorant of the road, to be going to the same place with the traveler, but to be entirely unacquainted with it, and anxious to have somebody to instruct him. If the traveler had not intended to go by water, the Thug soon pretends to be much tired, and wishes that he were near a boat. The traveler expresses the same wish, and they agree to diverge from the road to the river. Coming to the ghat, the Thug pretends that he is a good hand at a bargain, and is allowed to agree for a passage for both. *He beats down the master of his own boat, after a good deal of disputing, to half price, and the traveler is much pleased, and expresses his gratitude.* They embark, and the traveller is killed as soon as they get away from other boats. If the traveler suspects or dislikes the first man, he soon falls in with the inveigler of another boat, who learns it by a sign, and pretends to enter into the traveller's feelings and anxiety to throw off the first, who on some pretence remains behind, while his friend takes the traveler on to the other boat, further on than his own, where he is disposed of."

"We shall now present a few specimens of this class of Thuggee.

"We joined Jypaul at the Mormakeya ghat, where he had two boats at the different ghats, three or four miles from each other. Jhanlee Khan brought two travelers to the boat which Jypaul commanded in person, and Bhawur Khan and I embarked with them. As soon as we had all got on board, Jypaul said in Ramasee, 'Let the Boras (Thugs) separate themselves from the Beetoos (travelers);' and we did so, leaving the two travelers together. Four men were on the bank, pulling along the boats, one was at the helm, acting at the same time as the Bykureea, or spy, and seven of the gang were below with us and the travelers. We had got on about a cass, when the Bykureea at the helm, seeing all, cried out, '*Bhugna ko pawn do*—give my sister's son pawn.' This was the signal, and the two travelers were strangled. After the murder, they broke their spinal bones, by putting their knees upon their backs, and pulling up their heads and shoulders. After doing this, they pushed them out of a kind of window in the side. Every boat has two of these windows, one on each side, and they put the bodies out of that towards the river. They break the spinal bones, to prevent all chance of the victims recovering and giving evidence against them. We (the land Thugs) generally stab the dead bodies through on both sides, under the arm-pits; but they are afraid to cut or stab the body, lest there should be signs of blood upon the water, as the corpses pass other boats that are following them on the river."

The extent to which the natural feelings of humanity have been extinguished in these miscreants, is perfectly astonishing. A party of them accompanied Newal Sing, a Jemadar in the Nizam's service, and his family, more than two hundred miles, were on the most intimate terms with them for about twenty days, and received essential favors from them. Once, Newal Sing, not knowing them to be Thugs, procured their release, when they were imprisoned on a charge of setting a house on fire, in which they had lodged; and on another occasion, his two daughters, of eleven and thirteen years of age, saved them from detection by sitting on some plundered silk, whilst they were searched by the police. The whole gang hesitated; and one party separated from the main body, rather than be present at the murder. But what was the cause of their demur? Who could credit it? Not any dislike to sacrifice people to whom they owed so much, and with whom they had mixed on such friendly terms; that never entered their minds; but the circumstance of Newal Sing having but one arm. *He and all his family were put to death by these inhuman and ungrateful savages.*

The Thugs also occasionally preserve young children of both sexes, and adopt them as their own; and sometimes young women of a riper age are saved to become the wives of the murderers of their parents. Lamentable scenes frequently arise out of this practice, as the following narrative will show:

"The signal was given, and all, except the two boys, were seized and strangled by the people who had been appointed for the purpose, and were now at their posts, ready for action. The boys were taken by Jowahir and Kehree, who intended to adopt them as their sons; and the bodies of the twenty-five victims were all thrown into a ditch, and covered over with earth and bushes. On seeing the bodies thrown into a ditch, Jowahir's boy began to cry bitterly; and finding it impossible to pacify him or keep him quiet, Jowahir took him by the legs, and dashed his brains out against a stone."

And again:—

"By the time we reached the appointed place, the Bhurtotes and Shumseeas had all on some pretext or other got close by the side of the persons whom they were appointed to strangle; and on reaching the spot, the signal was given in several places at the same time, and thirty-eight out of forty were seized and strangled. The daughter of Gunga Tewarree was a very handsome young woman, and Punchum, one of our Jemadars, wished to preserve her as a wife for his son. Punchum tried in vain to quiet her, and promised to take great care of her, and marry her to his own son, who would be a great chief; but all was in vain. She continued to scream, and at last Punchum put the handkerchief round her neck and strangled her. The widow of Alfie's brother was strangled, but her daughter, a girl about three years of age, was preserved by Kosal Jemadar, who married her to his own son, by whom he had two children.

"Ghubbo Khan strangled the mother while the infant was in her arms, and he determined to keep and adopt the child; but as the bodies had all been put into the grave, Dhunnee Khan urged him to kill the child also, or we should be seized on crossing the Nerbudda valley. *The monster then threw the living child in upon the dead bodies, and the grave was filled up over it.*"

MILITARY PUNISHMENT IN RUSSIA.

A number of men, varying from a single squadron to a whole regiment, according to the number of lashes to be inflicted, are formed in single ranks facing inwards, each soldier being armed with a strong oaken rod about four feet long, and the thickness of the middle finger. The unhappy prisoner, stripped to the waist and handcuffed, is then marched through, two soldiers holding the points of their sabres or bayonets at his breast, to prevent his advancing beyond a certain pace, and receiving from each man as he passes a blow given with his whole force. This continues till wearied nature can hold no longer, and he sinks down unable to move; his senseless form is then placed upon a hurdle or wheelbarrow, and in this manner he is dragged on, and receives the rest of his punishment. It may reasonably be supposed that not a few expire under its infliction on the spot, while many more live but to writhe in the most harrowing and excruciating tortures in the regimental hospitals, till death happily terminates their sufferings. But the worst is yet to be mentioned. In the event of the former occurring, the given number must yet be inflicted; and, horrible to relate, the hideous livid mass of senseless, shapeless human clay is still drawn through the ranks, the corpse resounding with the blows rained upon it till the sentence is complete. Under these accumulated horrors, woe to the wretch whose compassionate feelings or weakness of nerves renders him incapable of striking with the prescribed force, as he is almost immediately seized upon, and a similar punishment inflicted upon himself.

A FRENCHMAN ON ENGLISH MANNERS.

The English never expand in society; they seem to reserve all their spirits, and all their good qualities for *home*—for "in-doors." It requires all the genial warmth of the domestic fireside to dissolve the crust of ice which envelopes them when abroad in the world. In their own little coteries, you will often find them good and agreeable; and in the closet, the pen in their hands, they are often brilliant, often full of pathos or of humor. But they do not know how to talk. They are never at ease in the presence of a stranger; except, perhaps, when the bottle has been freely passed at the dinner table; but these are generally shallow-pated fellows, from whom nothing is to be learned. You see them always hampered by that bane of English life, "fashion"—the fear of being out of fashion—the thraldom of the coteries. When conversing with an Englishman, you often read in his face that he thinks more than he says; that he has ideas which he will not express. It is generally the best, the most profound, the most intellectual part of himself which he reserves for his intimate friend, or for his wife; but he rarely pays this homage to society.

MENTAL AND BODILY LABOR.

The multitudes that support life by corporal labor, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleness, and have no conception that weariness can be contracted in an elbow chair, by now and then peeping into a book, and musing the rest of the day. The sedentary and studious, therefore, raise their envy or contempt, as they appear either to possess the conveniences of life by the mere bounty of fortune, or to suffer the want of them by refusing to work.

It is, however, certain that to think is to labor; and that as the body is affected by the exercise of the mind, the fatigue of the study is not less than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labor of the mind, though it is equally wearisome with that of the body, is not attended with the same advantages. Exercise gives health, vigor and cheerfulness, sound sleep and a keen appetite; the effects of sedentary thoughtfulness are diseases that embitter and shorten life—interrupted rest, tasteless meals, perpetual languor, and causeless anxiety.

THE UNALLEVIABLE.—Of all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miseries of life, none is left to despair but complaint; and though complaint, without hope of relief, may be thought rather to increase than mitigate anguish, as it recollects every circumstance of distress, and embitters the memory of past sufferings by the anticipation of future; yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to suppress, and sooths with the hope of pity the wretch who despairs of comfort.

"TIME."

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

We are passing along the river of Time,
Towards the wide and open sea;
One day perchance o'er the glassy tide,
'Neath the sun's bright rays we gently glide,
With a careless hand our barque we guide,
With its freight for Eternity.

The next morn' dawns with an angry sky,
Dark clouds o'ershadow our way;
We tremble beneath the howling blast,
As wildly, madly, it rushes past,
While o'er us the turbulent waters cast
Their showers of blinding spray.

Thus on we speed—day after day,
Ever marking on memory's chart;
Our path—now striving the rocks to clear,
Through sunshine and storm—on, on we steer,
Through hope and joy—through sorrow and fear,
From our course we never depart.

On, on—the banks at each side recede,
The river flows smooth and wide;
Till like a mist land passes away,
And Eternity's waves around us play,
No more we are tossed 'midst the foaming spray,
At the mercy of wind and tide.

THE BANK VAULT.

FROM A LAWYER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I sat in my office, one cool, damp afternoon in spring, engaged in nothing of consequence. I think I had been looking over a volume of old reports, and had closed the book, and was reflecting upon some of the legal points raised in the work before me. I remember that I was just pulling out my cigar-case, when the door was opened, and a young man presented himself. I recognized him at once. His name was Charles Degrand, and he was the paying teller of our bank. And be it remembered, that "our bank" was one of the best in the country. At all events, so it was considered by "our people." A man who examined a bill of "*The Valley Bank*" ere he took it, was set down at once as excessively green; and should he chance to refer to the "Bank Note List" to test its genuineness, he was sure to be asked where he came from. Not to know the sterling worth of the notes of "The Valley Bank, of B——," was to prove one's self unknown.

However, young Degrand came in, and took a seat. He looked pale and wan, and there was a nervous twitching about the face which betrayed great uneasiness.

"What is it?" I asked, seeing that he was at a loss how to commence.

"I'm in a bad fix, sir," he replied, spasmodically.

"Well—go on."

"First, sir," he said, with an energy which at once convinced me of his sincerity, "let me assure you that I am wholly, entirely innocent of any charge laid against me. I am, sir, as true as there is a God above me, who hears what I say, and who reads my inmost thoughts!"

"I believe you," I told him, as I saw that he wished to know what impression he had made.

He seemed very grateful, and then proceeded—

"Upon an examination into the affairs of the bank, yesterday, sir, there were found to be missing some twenty thousand dollars, and probably more! My books were all straight, and my vouchers all at hand; but I am suspected of having taken the money. Aye—more than that—I am accused of it!"

"But what proof can they bring against you?" I asked.

"Ah!—there's the trouble, sir," my visitor answered, with a dubious shake of the head. "I have nearly fifteen thousand dollars in my possession, and the Directors have just discovered it."

"Can't you account for the possession of this money?"

"If they would only believe me. For the last five years I have been very fortunate in speculations. I cleared five thousand dollars in the sale of those lots on Warren Hill."

"But Granby sold those," said I.

"Yes, sir; but he sold them for me. He only acted as my agent. I did not wish to be known in the matter, as I had reasons for keeping the amount of my possessions to myself."

I gazed into the young man's face, and he probably thought I was incredulous, for he quickly added—

"Since I seek your aid, sir, I will tell you all. You wonder why I should wish to keep my wealth, or a knowledge of it, to myself. You may smile, and you may think me foolish; but I'll tell you why it was: I have been looking upon a certain maiden, in the hope that she might some day become my wife. I have seen much of misery in married life, having had the misfortune to board with two young couples who had been sadly mismated. I determined to be careful. I knew that a young man like my—"

He was handsome, and I readily pardoned the slight vanity of the allusion.

"—a—a young man possessing fifteen thousand dollars might be accepted for a husband by one who would have hesitated had she thought him penniless. That was my sole reason, sir."

"And a very good reason it was sir," I said; "though I feel confident that if Mary Allen becomes your wife, you will have no occasion for regret."

"You know her, then?" said Degrand, eagerly.

"Yes. And I know her for a noble, virtuous maiden."

Charles was grateful; but in a moment more, a cloud came over his face, and with a deep sigh he said,—

"Alas! when she hears of this she will turn from me!"

"I wouldn't condemn her without a hearing," I returned. "But let that pass. Can you not prove by the men who have traded for you how your money has come?"

"Granby has done it all, sir. Five years ago, when I had laid up a thousand dollars, I got him to take it, and let it for me; and from that time to the present, he has done all my business. I got him to buy up five thousand dollars' worth of the notes of the old Lyman Bank. He got them for about fifty cents on the dollar, and I got the face of them. But Granby has gone to Australia, and where he is now it is impossible to tell."

I remembered, now, that Granby had gone, though I had forgotten it.

Degrand explained to me, as nearly as he could, how the money must have been taken—that is, at what times, and in how large sums. He said no great amount had been taken at any one time, but, in all probability, it had been taken at intervals during the last year. It was only strange that the loss had not been detected before.

I asked who had the charge of overlooking and keeping the balance. He told me that Mr. Warton had done it. He was the President of the bank, and lived right close by.

I knew that Mark Warton was president of "our bank;" and I furthermore knew that Mark Warton was a very stern, religious, and strict man. His house joined the bank, both buildings being in one block.

After Charles Degrand had told me all he had to tell at that time, I informed him that I would help him all I could. He asked me if I thought I could clear him. I told him to keep still, and trust to me. He went away with some hope, but very far from being happy. Half an hour afterwards, Mr. Mark Warton came in. He was a tall, stout, stern-featured man, very precise in all his movements, and seeming to trust no one. He looked upon all his fellows as so many embryo thieves, who needed only the temptation to lead them astray. He wished me to make out the necessary documents for the arrest of Charles Degrand. I pleaded a press of business, and urged him to seek elsewhere. He bowed stiffly, and went away.

As soon as Warton was gone, I sent my boy for Mr. Lane, and ere long, that gentleman made his appearance.

Henry Lane was a deputy sheriff, and one of the most shrewd and efficient officers I ever knew.

"I just met Mr. Warton," he said, after he had taken a seat, "and he told me he should have a job for me before night."

"He means to have Charles Degrand arrested," said I.

"Charles Degrand?" repeated Lane, in astonishment. "You don't mean the teller in the bank?"

"Yes—our Charley." And thereupon I explained to him all that I had learned from Degrand.

Lane was indignant. He knew that Charley Degrand never took a penny that was not honestly his; and he said he wished he could say the same of Mark Warton.

"Doesn't Warton go to the city to-morrow?" I asked.

"I think he does," returned Lane. "He is making preparations for a grand tour with his family."

I was aware of this, for I had heard Warton say, only a few days before, that he was going West upon a summer's jaunt. We conversed a while longer, and then I had Lane go first and put Degrand upon his guard, and then go and get a search-warrant. Under the circumstances, I did not wish to grant the warrant myself, but I told the officer I was willing to swear as a witness, if he couldn't find another whom he wished to trust. He said he would do the best he could, and so left me.

I did not want Degrand arrested. I knew he was not guilty; and I knew, too, that an arrest would be apt to leave a sting which would gall him for a long time. But I would not have taken this course, had I not hoped to be able, within six-and thirty hours, to prove where the real leak in the Bank vault was.

Just at dark, as I sat alone in my office, my boy having gone home to his supper, my door was opened, and a young lady made her appearance. I recognised Mary Allen. She sank into a seat, and then removed her vail. She attempted to speak, but her courage failed her, and she began to weep.

"I know the object of your visit," said I. "You have come to ask me if Charles Degrand is guilty."

"What, sir!" she cried, starting up in an instant. "To ask you if he is guilty? No, no, no! Oh! God knows he is innocent! I came to ask you to save him. He told me you were his friend. Oh! you know he is innocent! They cannot harm him!"

"You need not fear, Miss Allen," I said; "I have his interests at heart, and shall do all I can."

"And you can save him from this false charge?"

"I hope to save him from any evil results. But I can tell you more to-morrow, at this hour."

When she arose to take her leave, she made me promise that I would not tell Charles of her visit to my office. I promised, and she went away with far more of hope than she had when she entered. She was a beautiful girl, and as good as she was beautiful.

As the shades of night came on, I felt strange emotions creeping over me. I was about to startle the town. Aye—startle the whole business community. I had held curious suspicions for a long while. Three months before —— No—it must have been more than that, for the snow was deep and crisp then—I had occasion to pass the bank very late one night—or, I should say, very early in the morning; for it was near one o'clock. I came up the street, passing the bank first, and then passing Warton's house. As I reached the corner of the fence which separated the yard of the dwelling from the other, I saw the flicker of a light upon the cellar window of the former. It was from a light within the cellar. I reached a point from which I could gaze in, and I was just in time to see a man disappear through the wall of the cellar—through the wall next the bank. I could see that he had to stoop very low in order to pass through.

I don't know why I should have had such a curiosity just then, but I did have it, and it ruled my movements. Might not some burglar have found his way into the bank?—into *our bank*, where I had several thousand dollars on deposit? I resolved to wait and satisfy myself.

I walked across the street, and then up a little way; and then back again; and so I killed time for over half an hour. I was just approaching the house for the fourth time, when I saw the light upon the cellar windows. I hastened up, and saw a man come through a sort of square hole in the wall. He put his lantern through first, and then followed it. A chance gleam upon his face revealed to me the features of Mr. Mark Warton. Of course, he had a right there, and, telling myself that I had made a fool of this individual, I started for home at a brisk trot; and from that time I had thought little of the circumstance, until the present occurrence.

On the following morning I saw Mr. Warton depart for the city. He had seen Lane, and requested, or, rather ordered, him to arrest Degrand that day.

At nine o'clock, the Deputy Sheriff was in my office. We conversed a few minutes, and then went out, and called upon the servants of Mr. Warton. His wife had gone with him. We told them that we had business there, and, as they knew us, they were very anxious to accommodate. Lane called for a lantern, and we then asked to be shown the cellar, at the same time requesting the hostler to accompany us.

We descended to an excellent cellar, the bottom of which was cemented, and the walls laid up with neatly split stone, and thoroughly pointed with mortar.

"Is there a door anywhere about here?" I asked, pointing to the wall next to the bank.

"Why—no, sir," returned the groom, gazing into my face as though he would assure himself that I was sane.

And I must say that I began to doubt the evidence of my sight on that cold Winter's night. I could not see anything that looked like a place of passage. The wall was, to all appearance, firm and solid.

"Who built this wall?" I asked.

"Master did most of it himself," said the servant. "He used to be a mason, and he said he could save a good sum by doing his own work, and have it done to suit him, too."

I felt assured again. I took a stout chisel from Lane, and commenced to thump on the stones of the wall. The first three sounded solid and sharp; but the fourth one had a different sound. It was dull and hollow. I applied the chisel to the mortar that projected from the seam, and found that I could move it. I moved the chisel to the end of the seam, and very easily drew the mortar out; but instead of breaking off, short and crisp, as mortar generally does, it not only clung together, but the whole long line, from one end of the rock to the other came easily out. I examined it, and found it to be a neatly fashioned strip of wood, with the outer edge thoroughly coated with lime mortar. Here was a clue. Lane thumped away, and soon found another strip like mine, about two feet above it. We next tried the perpendicular strips, upon the ends of the rock, and they were like those already taken out. This left a large stone, two feet high by about three long, free from mortar. We worked upon it a while, but could not move it. I went up into the street, and stood as near to where I had stood when I saw Warton pass through as I could remember. I looked through the window, and the stone against which Lane held the lantern was surely just where I had seen the open way.

I went back and told my companion that must be the place. We tried again, and presently the stone moved. It pushed in, and seemed to swing on regular hinges. It was quite thin, and when we had got it open, we found it hung upon stout iron pintles. They were drilled in and wedged with lead. The serving-man opened his eyes; and as soon as he could command his speech, he said he began to see "where all them plaguy noises used to come from."

We passed through and found ourselves in a close, narrow place, not over three feet square, the walls of which were of broken stone laid in cement. A small ladder formed by two pieces of joist with strips of board nailed across for the steps, stood against one side.

"This must be the foundation of the Bank Vault," said Lane.

I saw it as soon as he spoke.

But one of us could go up at a time, and I bade my companion to make the first trial; so he took the lantern and went up. He found the work above him to be broad flags of fine, hard, blue granite laid upon transverse sleepers of wrought iron.

"Isn't that a lever, up there in the corner?" he asked me.

I looked, and saw a stout spruce stick.

"Just pass it up here," he said.

I reached up one end of it, and when he had placed it against the inner edge of one of the flags, he bade me lift. I laid hold upon it and lifted with all my might, and as I lifted, the flag gave way. Up, up, up it went, until at length it stood on edge. It balanced itself there a moment, and then fell over upon some bags; and at the same moment I heard a quick cry from overhead.

Lane went up, and I quickly followed him, and in a moment more we both stood within the vault of the bank! The door was open, and the cashier and his subordinates gazed upon us with astonishment. Fortunately the bank was not open for business, so no one saw us save the employees of the institution.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said I, bowing very coolly as I stepped from the vault to the space behind the long counter.

"In mercy's name!" gasped the cashier, "what does this mean?"

"It means, sir, that we have a clue to the man who has been robbing the bank," I replied.

He opened his eyes wonderfully. He gazed first upon me, and then upon the upturned flag.

"Where does that lead from?" he finally asked.

"From the private cellar of *Mark Warton, Esquire, President of the Valley Bank*," I returned.

The cashier began to see through it, and ere long we all sat down and talked the matter calmly over. The clerks and tellers were called, and they promised to keep silent for the present. I explained to them all about how Degrand came by his money, and also told them why he had kept it to himself. They all loved the generous, handsome youth, and I could see that they were very happy when the matter was thus explained.

The cashier had never liked Warton, for the latter was not only overbearing, but he had even dared to exercise, at times, a sort of surveillance over his cashier, as though he feared there might be a lack of honesty on the part of the latter. This had cut Mr. Richards—the cashier—to the quick, and he could not forget it.

Richards went down with us, through the vault, into Mr. Warton's cellar, and before him we drew back the stone, and fixed the false strips in their places, as we had found them.

"Well—I should never mistrust that," he said, as he stood and gazed upon the rock, which now looked like its mates.

We talked with the groom, and he promised us that he would keep perfectly quiet. None of the other servants had ventured down, though it was necessary that they should be cautioned. So we went up and called them together, and intimated to them that we should have to arrest them if they whispered a word of our having been there. This was enough, for the very thought of arrest by a sheriff was terrifying.

On the following morning, Mr. Richards called upon me, and informed me that a meeting of the directors had been called, and that they had concluded if Mr. Warton would make a full and fair restitution, to let him go. They thought his punishment would be ample without further proceedings against him. I fully agreed with them, and, at Mr. Richard's request, accompanied him to the bank. Lane had found Degrand, and the young teller went with us.

When we reached the bank, we found most of the directors there. They all shook Degrand kindly by the hand, and he was directed to resume his station at his own desk. The outer door was locked, as it lacked nearly two hours yet of the time for commencing business.

At the end of half an hour after our arrival, the green door was opened, and Mark Warton, Esq., entered. He started as he saw the unusual number assembled; but when his eye finally rested upon the traduced teller, who had left his desk and was talking with the book-keeper, he seemed to comprehend it, for he stiffly advanced, and said:

"Good morning, gentlemen."

Several of the directors nodded; and when the president came within the railing, he sat down.

"You have the young culprit here, I see," he said.

But no one answered him.

"Is not Charles Degrand under arrest?" he asked, quite pompously, turning to Lane.

"No, sir," answered the officer.

"And why not? Did I not place the warrant in your hands?"

"Very true, sir," returned Lane, with a curious leer; but since then we have found an other clue."

"Another—clue—a—what do you mean, sir?"

I looked towards Richards, and he nodded. Then I looked back upon Lane, and nodded in turn. The deputy took the wink, and at once proceeded:

"Well, Mr. Warton, if you wish to understand the matter I can explain."

The President turned pale as death beneath Lane's glance, but quickly recovered himself.

"When you handed me the order for Degrand's arrest, I already held a search-warrant authorizing me to search the premises adjoining the bank building. Yesterday, in company with my legal friend, here, I made the search; and the result was, that, from the cellar of the house adjoining this building, we found a secret passage to yonder vault. We made our own way to this place from said cellar, through the wall!"

The officer might have said more, but there was no occasion, for he for whose benefit it was spoken seemed past understanding. For some moments Warton had kept his countenance, but gradually his strength failed him, and he sank upon the floor. I do not think he was insensible. I think he fully realized that all was discovered, and he feigned insensibility in order to escape questioning before so many.

However, he was taken to his own house, and ere long he sent for the cashier. Richards went in, and to him he made a full confession, and offered to give up all he owned if they would let him off, and make no further movement in the matter. The cashier was authorized to grant this request, and he did so at once.

Warton acknowledged that he had taken over forty thousand dollars. He said he fixed his cellar wall on purpose for robbing the bank, and that he had intended, when he had taken all he wanted, to remove the pintles from the rock, and cement it in its place.

Out of regard for the President's wife and three grown-up daughters, his crime was kept as secret as possible, until after he had gone. He paid back all that he had taken, with good interest, and then hastened away into the Western country, where his crime was not known, and where his stern exterior probably passed off the whole man for a high-minded, honorable gentleman.

The foundation of the Bank Vault was filled up, and the adjoining cellar-wall made solid. Charles Degrand once more filled his old station to the acceptance of all those who were fortunate enough to claim money from the bank; and before the Summer was gone he came to me for a marriage certificate, as I had the fortune to have been elected Town Clerk. I put his name to the instrument, and when I asked for the other he said,—

"Mary Allen."

AN EXHORTATION.

Trust not to man, we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

THE DEAD NUNS.

Not far from Carlaverock Castle stood an Abbey called *Holywood*, evidently so called from the *holy wood* or grove of oaks which surrounded a large Druidical temple still standing. This abbey was founded by the Lady Devorgilda, daughter of Allan, Lord of Galloway, who died, A. D. 1269.

In times past, Holywood was a famous nunnery, and for ages served as a retreat for noble ladies from all parts of the Scottish empire. Only the church attached to the conventual edifice is still in existence.

Though, as we have stated, according to the most authentic sources, the daughter of a lord of Galloway was the founder of the structure about the middle of the thirteenth century, there are vague traditions afloat of the Abbey having been the abode of certain fair recluses, at least eight centuries previous to that period; and it is even said that the convent then built was erected on the ruins of a former and far more ancient edifice. It is of these ladies, that era, and this edifice, that the subsequent legend treats.

In ancient days—centuries before the foundation of the last nunnery—a convent of noble Scottish ladies existed in the lovely parish of Holywood, Dumfriesshire.

They were twelve in number exclusive of the superior.

At this period the Picts devastated the southern parts of Scotland: Dumfriesshire was not unvisited by them. The barbarians were then encamped in the charming Vale of Nith; their forces reached as far as from Friar's Carse to Dumfries; and their approach to Holywood was momentarily expected.

It is far easier to fancy than to tell the horror of the fair recluses of Holywood, at the nearness of such ruthless neighbors.

The first suggestion which offered itself to them was to fly. But whither could they go? For where might they not expect to encounter the formidable foe from whom they fled?

Poor maidens! In their dire extremity, they betook themselves to prayer; and from sun-dawn to midnight, on the Sabbath eve, did they remain on their knees in the chapel of the convent, pouring forth the wishes of their gentle hearts, and supplicating the assistance of that gentle God who never yet deserted those who put their trust in him. It was a touching sight to see their sorrowful but still most lovely countenances, lit up by the dim lamps of the holy place, turned upwards in faith and hope to the Father of Heaven; and it was happiness to hear the rich, deep, tremulous melody of their soft, sweet voices, as they raised them in a perfect chorus of thanksgiving and praise for his protection.

Just as the midnight hour had ceased sounding from the turret of the cloister, a loud knocking was heard at the outer gate. The sisters started from their knees and looked aghast. They deemed it was the enemy whom they dreaded far more than death; and for a moment, their confidence in the protecting power of Heaven was shaken. But it was only for a moment; for the porteress, whose duty it was to watch at the wicket, ran speedily into the chapel to tell the abbess that a poor old man alone had alarmed them, and that he had come to pray shelter from the storm which raged fearfully without.

"Let him be at once admitted!" said the abbess. "Be he friend or be he foe, in such a night as this he shall have it."

A venerable, grey-headed, long-bearded ancient, garbed in a long, dark, flowing robe, soon after entered the chapel.

"Father," said the abbess, "you are welcome. We pray to God for succour. Will you join with us?"

"Willingly," said the old man, "most willingly."

They prayed fervently together.

Their orison over, the sisters, headed by the superior, sought the refectory of the convent. Their ancient guest followed at an humble distance.

When they had all partaken of refreshment, the old man thus spoke to the abbess:—

"Fain would I know, holy mother, what mars your repose. Make me your confidant. Mayhap I may assist, or at least, counsel you for the best."

The abbess told him all—her hopes and her fears, their dread and their danger.

"Be comforted, my children," said he, addressing the fair sisterhood. "Take heart, holy mother. You have helped me in my need. I will now assist you in your tribulation. Listen."

The gentle maidens gathered round him.

"Prepare ye, with all haste, thirteen coffins."

The nuns looked aghast.

"Place them six and six, side by side, adown the aisle of the chapel; and let the seventh, for the abbess, be laid at the altar's foot."

The abbess involuntarily shuddered, and muttered a prayer for mercy.

"And when the foe approaches," continued the ancient of days, apparently unheeding all that passed, "wreathe your hair with the fairest flowers, and then lay yourselves down in them—every one as though she were dead."

"Lord have mercy on us!" chanted the abbess, from the Litany, "Christ have mercy on us!"

"Lord, have mercy on us!" responded the sisterhood, appalled beyond measure at these strange instructions.

"I will be with you in the moment of danger," said the old man, with a sweet smile. "When the foe forces this sanctuary, then shall you see me again. Bless ye all until that hour. Adieu!"

The nuns withdrew to their several dormitories, and the old man followed the servitor-sister to his cell. Next morning the abbess sought for him, but sought in vain: he had departed before the dawn. She did not, however, neglect to follow his counsel. The coffins were made ready, and then placed in the order prescribed by him.

Within a week from that day, the Picts were in the neighborhood.

It was midnight when the fierce foe first burst on that hitherto sacred and peaceful solitude. Wild shouts, dreadful imprecations, hideous cries, confused noise, piercing shrieks; the clashing of swords, the ringing of bucklers, the whizzing of spears, assailed the ears of the terrified virgins from all parts of the nunnery.

The convent was soon surrounded.

The weak walls and slight portals of the edifice afforded no effectual barrier against those reckless savages. Onwards they rushed through the halls—the cells—the cloisters. The chapel alone was untouched, and there were the sisters kneeling and praying, each beside her own narrow resting-place. The trembling maidens had just relinquished all hope, when the old man, their friend of the former night, appeared once more among them.

"Betake ye to your shrouds," said he, greeting them majestically. "Your heads are crowned with flowers: lay ye for the present in your beds of death."

They laid them hastily down in their coffins, and folded their hands on their breasts. In a moment more they were all unconscious of existence. No human eye could look on them and believe that they were not corpses, so wan, so woe-begone, so death-like did they seem.

In another moment the fierce Picts had burst open the door; and, like the wild waves of the stormy ocean in flood-tide, they tumbled over one another into the sacred edifice. A single glance sufficed to affright even the stoutest-hearted amongst them: and every one recoiled from the sight which met his eyes.

A panic seized on the cruel marauders. They slunk off, and fled far from that sanctuary, humbled and howling.

Next evening the army was leagues distant: and never again did the Picts molest the recluses of Holywood.

A HORSE CHASE.

The well-known star contributor of the "Independent," who is ruralizing at a country farm-house, relates the following horse adventure. It is well told: "This morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, word came that 'Charley had got away.' Now, Charley is a most important member of the family, and as shrewd a horse as ever need be. Lately he had found out the difference between being harnessed by a boy and a man. Accordingly, on several occasions, as soon as the halter dropped from his head, and before the bridle could take its place, he proceeded to back boldly out of the stable, in spite of the stout boy pulling with all his might at his mane and ears. This particular morning, we were to put a passenger friend on board the cars at 8.10—it was now 7.30. Out popped Charley from his stall like a cork from a bottle, and lo! some fifty acres there were in which to exercise his legs and ours, to say nothing of temper and ingenuity. First, the lady, with a measure of oats, attempted to do the thing by bribing him genteelly. Not he! He had no objection to the oats, none to the hand, until it came near his head, then off he sprang. After one or two trials we dropped the oats and went at it in good earnest—called all the boys, headed him off this way, ran him out of the growing oats, drove him into the upper lot and out of it again. We got him into a corner, with great pains, and he got himself out of it without the least trouble. He would dash through a line of six or eight whooping boys, with as little resistance as if they had been so many mosquitoes! Down he ran to the lower side of the lot, and down we all walked after him. Up he ran to the upper end of the lot, and up we all walked after him—too tired to run. Oh, it was glorious fun! The sun was hot. The cars were coming, and we had two miles to ride to the depot! He *did* enjoy it, and we did *not*. We resorted to expedients,—opened wide the great gate of the farm-yard, and essayed to drive him in, and we did it, too, almost; for he ran close up to it,—and just sailed past, with a laugh as plain on his face as horse ever had! Man is vastly superior to a horse in many respects. But running, on a hot summer day, in a twenty acre lot, is not one of them! We got him by the brook, and while he drank, oh, how leisurely, we started up and succeeded in just missing our grab at his mane! Now comes another splendid run. His head was up, his eye flashing, his tail streamed out like a banner, and glancing his head this way and that, right and left, he allowed us to come on to the brush corner; from whence, in a few moments, he allowed us to emerge, and come afoot after him, down to the barn again. But luck will not hold forever, even with horses. He dashed down a lane,—and we had him! But as soon as he saw the gate closed, and perceived the state of the case, how charmingly he behaved,—allowed us to come up and bridle him without a movement of resistance, and affirmed by his whole conduct that it was the merest sport in the world, all this seeming disobedience: and to him, we have no doubt, it was! We had but seventeen minutes before car time. But we made the best use of it that we could."

Love and Vanity.—Half the errors attributed to love have their source in vanity; and many a person has made sacrifices to this unworthy passion, who would have successfully resisted the pleadings of affection.

GENIUS AND TASTE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

To a gentleman who compared Genius to the Spider, and Taste to the Bee, and expressed his preference for the former.

Where clustering flowers rose with negligence fair,
Enveloped in fragrance, a Honey Bee flew,
And there, a lone Spider, her glittering snare
From bramble to bramble, industriously threw;

Then an eye which the mazes of science explored,
Beheld where those labors so earnestly roved,
And on the soft breeze was this preference pour'd
From a lip, by the spirit of eloquence loved:

"Over blossoms which Nature in fondness conceals
How boldly that dew-sipping insect hath flown,
From the treasures of others her riches she steals,
And riots in hoards that were never her own.

"But thou, silent one, round the pitiless thorn,
With patience, thy web of enchantment dost weave,
And even when its tissues are ravaged and torn,
From latent resources, the loss can retrieve.

"Oh! mine be that dexterous, that mystical art
Which from darkness and ruin its work can revive,
Yes, mine be the gift of a heaven-enriched heart,
And not by the plunder of others to live."

Yet scorn not the Bee, tho' her light pinions sail
To rifle the garden, with innocent strife,—
For the essence she bears o'er the tremulous gale,
Fills a casket of sweets for the store-house of life.

Hartford, July 16, 1857.

A BACKWOODS HEROINE.

BY AN ILLINOIS PIONEER.

During the celebrated Black Hawk war, the Indians attacked a small white settlement, at mid night, massacred the men and most of the women and children, and took five women captive into the wilderness. The names of these unfortunate creatures were Mrs. Jenks, Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. Jacobs, Miss Martin and Miss Ross. Mrs. Jenks was a large woman, of great strength and with the courage of a lion. Miss Ross was only seventeen, fragile, and in poor health. The other three captives were of ordinary make, both in body and mind.

When the party struck into the woods, by the light of the blazing cabins, the captive women were heavily laden with the spoils of their own homes, which they were obliged to bear away for the benefit of their captors. All but Miss Ross managed to keep pace with the savages, but that poor girl's strength utterly failed her after the first half-hour, and with a weary moan she sank upon the ground. A ferocious savage at once approached her with uplifted tomahawk. Perceiving her peril, she made a frantic effort to regain her feet, which, despite her burden, she succeeded in doing. But it was the last struggle of exhausted nature. After staggering a few rods, she fell, helplessly, to the ground. Again the savage sprang forward and raised his tomahawk in the air. Uttering a wild cry, the poor girl tried to shield her head with her thin hands. But the gleaming tomahawk cut through them as though they had been paper, and sunk deep into the brain. The other women, frantic with terror, pressed hurriedly on; and their fear was still more increased when, a few moments after, the inhuman savage rushed past them, waving in triumph the reeking scalp of their murdered sister.

It would be too sickening a tale were we to narrate all the particulars of the sufferings and death of these poor women who, one after another, sinking under their burdens, were tomahawked and scalped by the same brutal savage, and their bodies left lying in the forest. At the close of the eighth day, Mrs. Jenks was the only survivor of them all; the savages, admiring her strength and calm courage, complimented her, in a coarse way, upon her superiority to the other "pale-faced squaws," and began to treat her with less severity. She was permitted to eat a good supper, and a couple of bear skins were given her for a couch. She awoke in the morning much refreshed, and after eating a hearty breakfast, was about to resume her heavy pack, when the leader of the party told her she need not carry it farther. She exhibited no sign of pleasure at this unexpected good fortune, as she knew that savages greatly admire a stoical indifference alike to good and ill; and she wished them to think as well of her as possible, for she had determined to seize the first opportunity to avenge the murder of her companions.

On the morning of the tenth day, the party of savages separated; four going on with her, and the rest (with a large and ferocious dog belonging to the chief) striking off in another direction. Her spirits rose. At last the hour was coming! That night, after making a fire and cooking their supper, in which Mrs. Jenks assisted them with apparent cheerfulness, the savages lay down to rest without setting a sentinel, but not without taking the precaution to bind their captive's hands and feet with a stout cord. As soon as all was still, the heroic woman began to work her hands, in hopes that she could release them. Joy! joy! the cord relaxes. One hand, though with intense pain, is torn from the fastening, and soon she is free!

Cautiously peering round, she discovers the four Indians lying asleep, with their heads to the fire, and all near together. Stealthily as a leopardess, she crawls towards them. She crouches by the side of the one nearest her, and gently draws his tomahawk from his belt. It is the same savage that killed Miss Ross—that killed all four of her poor helpless sisters; and from his girdle now hang their scalps. Poising the keen-edged tomahawk with her muscular arm, she measures the position of the savages with her eye, takes a station which brings them all within her reach, and then deals three rapid blows, and three of her foes are beyond the power of harming her more. But ere she can strike the fourth, he awakes, and springs upon his feet. She deals him a staggering blow, however, before he can draw his weapon, and follows up her advantage so rapidly, that he, too, soon lies dead at her feet.

As soon as she felt that she was victorious, the heroic woman's strength forsook her, and she sank powerless to the ground. But she soon rallied, and taking the scalps of her dead companions from their murderer's girdle, and securing a tomahawk and knife, and as much provision as she could carry without burdening herself, she set out on her return to the borders of civilization. Nothing occurred to retard her progress or to incommode her, until the afternoon of the seventh day. She was just about entering a small brook to wade across it, when she was startled by a fierce growl, and on looking about, she saw at a little distance on the opposite side of the brook the ferocious dog of the chief who commanded the party that had taken her and her now murdered neighbors prisoners. At sight of this well-known brute, our brave heroine's heart sank within her. She knew that the chief, and perhaps his party, must be near at hand, and that she should in all probability be retaken, and her killing of the four Indians discovered. And she knew enough of the Indian character to be aware that the slaughter of their comrades would be terribly avenged upon herself. She stood in the water of the brook as these thoughts flashed through her mind, watching the behavior of the dog, by which she expected soon to be attacked. In a few moments he uttered a fierce growl, and rushed towards her. She raised the tomahawk and stood on the defensive; but a deliverer she little dreamed of was at hand. When the dog had come within a couple of rods of the brook, a huge panther suddenly springing from the overhanging branches of a tree alighted on his back, and a desperate struggle at once began.

Mrs. Jenks, knowing that the cries of the brutes would soon bring the savages to the spot, did not stop to see which would be the victor, but stepping into the middle of the brook, she ran down stream as fast as she could go, until she came to a spot where the branch of a gigantic tree stretched across the stream at a height which she could reach by springing with all her energy. She summoned all her strength, and making a desperate leap, succeeded in clutching the stout branch. After an exhausting struggle, she managed to draw herself up to and climb upon the limb, without leaving any trace of her footsteps to guide a pursuer. This accomplished, she soon reached the trunk of the tree, ascended among its obscuring foilage, and selecting a strong branch for a seat, sat down to await the issue of events—first thanking Providence for sending the dog to be the panther's victim, which would else have certainly sprung upon her, as she should have passed directly under the tree in which he was hidden.

In a few minutes, she heard the report of a rifle, then another, and then a third. She knew by this that the Indians had arrived within sight of the dog and panther, and had shot the latter. Now, if the savages should pass the brook at the spot where she entered it, and behold the track of her footsteps, her detection would be almost certain, for who could successfully elude those sons of the forest, who so well understood all the stratagems of savage warfare? Parting the branches, and cutting off the twigs with her scalping knife, until she could peer out, she gazed in the direction of the Indians, and soon saw them, twelve in number, cross the brook at the fatal spot. They had scarcely reached the opposite bank, before she saw, by their actions, that they had discovered her footprints. They traced them back from the brook a short distance, and then returned and gazed about in all directions. After a short consultation, they divided into four parties of three each, two parties tracking down-stream on both sides, and the other two tracking up-stream.

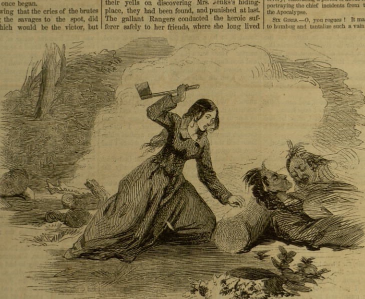
And now the poor woman felt an assured conviction that she would soon be recaptured and tortured to death. What should she do? Should she engage in a desperate struggle, and thus court an instant death? Or should she quietly submit, and take her chance for a second escape. Before she could determine what course to pursue, she heard the savages under the tree in which she was hidden. She peered down, and saw that they were scrutinizing the limb by which she had clambered from the brook. Their keen eyes soon detected the broken twigs and other signs of a heavy body having passed along the limb; and in a few moments, Mrs. Jenks saw three of them climbing the tree. As soon as they discovered her, they gave a prolonged yell, which was repeated by the savages beneath, and soon answered by the parties that had gone up-stream.

The foremost Indian of those who had ascended the tree, sternly bid the poor woman to come down, and, knowing it would be useless to resist, she at once began to descend—the savages, either from polite or prudential motives, giving her the precedence. In a few minutes after they had all reached the ground in safety, the up-stream party, including the chief, arrived on the spot; and great was their surprize on beholding who it was that they had captured. They eagerly demanded how she had escaped, and she told them she had taken the scalps of her dead friends, and the tomahawk and scalping-knife, while her captors were asleep, (which was a fact,) and had fled—omitting to say that before fleeing she had killed the whole party. The aborigines seemed puzzled at the fact that their four brethren had not captured her before this time, but still it did not seem to enter their minds that she had killed them. The idea that a "pale-faced squaw" should kill four Indian braves, was probably one which nothing but ocular material proof would have made them entertain.

They all returned in silence to the spot where Mrs. Jenks entered the brook. At this place, the undergrowth was slight, and the forest stretched away like an endless grove, through which one could see at some distance; while on the opposite side of the stream, (where the dog and panther fought,) and about ten rods from it, was a thick clump of bushes, which intercepted the view in that direction. As the savages were preparing their supper over a fire they had kindled, Mrs. Jenks sat gazing at the clump of bushes, and it occurred to her that, perhaps, if she could get into that, she might hide from her captors so effectually they could not find her. It was a stupid thought, but not altogether unnatural under the circumstances. She made up her mind to try and escape thus, even if she should be killed for it. Full of this idea, she gradually stole towards the brook, and, on reaching its bank, briskly waded across it, and ran for the clump of bushes. Her attempt was instantly perceived; and, with a wild yell, several of the savages started in pursuit.

The flying woman ran for liberty—for life. With her utmost strength and swiftness she fled, but her pursuers were swifter of foot than she. She had reached within a few feet of the clamp, when the foremost savage grasped her by the shoulder. Quick as lightning came a flash from the bushes, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle, and the Indian fell dead at her feet. Crack! crack! crack! crack! and the other four Indians dropped. Then a volley, and all the savages but one on the other side of the brook bit the turf, and the survivor fled swiftly to the cover of the underbrush. Then with a cheery huzzah, a band of "Backwoods Bangers" rushed from the bushes, and gathered around the brave woman, who, now that she was safe beyond all contingencies, sat down upon the ground and wept bitterly.

The Rangers had been in pursuit of the savages for several days, and thanks to the report of their rifles when they shot the panther, and their yells on discovering Mrs. Jenks's hiding-place, they had been found, and punished at last. The gallant Rangers conducted the heroic sufferer safely to her friends, where she long lived to recount the story of her perils and her escapes, to never-tiring listeners.



NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. J. K. L.—It is impossible for us to lay down a code of religious instruction which will specifically meet the circumstances and natures of your children. We can only state general principles. And first, above all things, care ought to be taken that religious knowledge be as little as possible put on the footing of a task. A parent or teacher who communicates his instructions of this kind in such a manner as to tire or disgust the young mind, though he may mean well, does more harm than good. But it is to be feared that parents in some cases, through a mistaken notion of the true method of giving youth a religious turn, often run into the extreme of surfeiting them with religious exercises, instead of laboring chiefly to enlighten and convince their understandings, and to form their tempers to obedience. The former, though noble and valuable helps appointed by Divine Wisdom for promoting virtue and goodness, may yet be so managed as to disgust a young mind, and prejudice it against religion for life; but the latter, properly conducted, will prove an endlessly various entertainment. There is not a duty of morality, you can have occasion to inculcate, but what may have an opportunity of raising some entertaining observation, or introducing some amusing history. And in this manner the young mind may be won to a deep love of religious instruction, and instead of regarding it as a task to be shirked on every possible occasion, come to look forward to the allotted lesson with impatience and keen anticipations of delight.

Philomel.—A knowledge of geography is quite important to every one who does not aspire to the reputation of an ignoramus; but, as you suggest, it is true that a school-boy from a public seminary is often as ignorant of it as a peasant, and the system of education in the colleges is not calculated to inculcate geographical information; and yet all the geography necessary to a business man or a polite scholar may be taught in the compass of a very few chapters. By grouping the facts in the mind, a person can indelibly impress them upon the memory. For instance, you may sometimes in conversation wish to recollect the latitude of the principal cities in Europe. The best method of fixing this in your memory, is to trace with your finger those that lie on or near the same parallel; thus, beginning with the latitude forty-one on the west side of the map and passing a little above the line forty, you will first touch upon Oporto in Portugal, thence traveling eastward you will pass through Madrid the capital of Spain, thence over the island of Sardinia to Naples in Italy, and thence to Constantinople. These cities, then, lie in or very near the same degree of latitude, and therefore enjoy the same climate, except what differences may arise from local circumstances. And about the latitude fifty-two you will find London, Amsterdam, Brunswick, Berlin, and Warsaw.

Mrs. J. L. H.—The cultivation of strawberries within a reasonable distance of this city will always be a profitable business. The consumption of that delicious fruit increases every year. As a slight indication of the prodigious quantity consumed in this market, we will state that an agent of the New-York and Erie Railroad informs us that from June 7th to July 12th, not including Saturdays and Sundays, he way-billed at Ramsey's Station, (N. J.) alone, one million two hundred and sixteen thousand baskets of strawberries. These required, on an average, one hundred and thirteen wagons to bring them to the station, and four cars to bring them thence to the city. The freight charges on these berries amounted to $1,508. Some cultivators of the fruit had each obtained from their grounds as many as three thousand baskets in one day. This, at a profit of three cents a basket, would give $90 a day, clear gain. But in the early part of the season the profit is much greater than this.

J. Y. B.—There is no reason in your complaints against the Patent Laws, or about the laxity and difficulty of their execution. Congress, the courts, and the bar do, and have done, and will do their best to have them properly enforced, and the rights of inventors protected. But you must understand that you are not the only person in the world who has rights, or wrongs; and you must also learn that every social institution, the law among the rest, *must be worked* through material machinery, and by human skill, and that machinery and skill are, and forever will be liable to all manner of accidents and short-comings. Open your eyes wide, and look at this with clear and manly vision, and then stop your whining.

J. P. N.—You should keep your son longer at school. It is, at present, too much the custom to dress boys like men, and bring them into business at thirteen or fourteen years of age, which renders them forward and conceited, and is likely to injure their constitutions by too close confinement at a time of life when young people require plenty of air and exercise to make them strong and healthy men. Besides this, they are generally thrown into the society of those who are older than themselves, who too often initiate them in the paths of vice, and corrupt their morals, at an age when they cannot be expected to possess sufficient firmness and strength of mind to withstand temptation.

Louisville.—It is your duty to control your own selfish wishes and be as good a husband as possible. The obligations of marriage should not be lightly assumed nor lightly discarded. You can easily bring your heart into harmony with your wife's, if you will seriously try. All that dissatisfaction, uneasiness, and secret irritation, of which you speak, is the growth of selfishness and fancy. It does not come from your heart, however, so much as from your liver. Wake up and be a man, and you will soon escape from the horrible muck in which you are now wallowing.

Mrs. M. S.—You are quite right in chiding your nursery-maid for gibbering ghost stories to your children. Be sure to preserve their tender minds from all impressions and notions of spirits and goblins, or any fearful apprehensions in the dark, and let them know that God, who made all things good for them, made the night that they might sleep the better and quieter, and that, they being under His protection, there is nothing in the dark to hurt them.

A Young Wife.—We sympathize with your sorrows, but we cannot help you. Such a jealous husband as yours, is beyond the reach of curative appliances. Jealousy is the distillation and concentration of all that is meanest in human nature. It is the plague spot of the heart. A man who is capable of strong jealousy is essentially a selfish, weak and bad man. He is unworthy the love of a true-hearted woman.

Long Island.—If your accommodations are so poor you cannot study evenings, as you are anxious to do, you had better seek another boarding house.

William.—The first watches of which we have any account, were made at Nuremberg, in the seventeenth century, and were called "Nuremberg eggs." To Dr. Hooke belongs the honor of inventing the hair spring. The pendulum was suggested to Galileo by the swinging of the chandelier in the Cathedral at Pisa. Hoggens soon after invented the maintaining power. George Graham originated the gridiron and the mercurial pendulums. The first pendulum turret-clock in Europe was made and erected by Richard Harris, of London, in 1641. Perhaps, the most remarkable clock ever made was that by a clergyman, named Hahn, in the eighteenth century. It was a sort of historical orrery, embracing a period of about ten thousand years, and portraying the chief incidents from the creation until afetr the Apocalypse.

Six Girls.—O, you rogues! It may not be very wicked to humbug and tantalize such a vain and silly fellow, who has circulated such impertinences about the sex of which you are doubtless most distinguished and fascinating ornaments; but, you should be merciful in wreaking your revenge, and not utterly annihilate the poor creature.

An Unhappy Girl.—If your lover ignores the past, you had better do the same, and be as friendly and loving as in old times. You must depend for happiness, however, on *yourself*. If there is not that in your heart and life which will give you happiness, then you will never enjoy it.

Uno.—A guardian is responsible for the property of his ward over which it was his duty to watch. If he squanders it, or if on the ward's becoming of age he will not give it up, he is liable to prosecution.

A Sufferer by Libel wishes us to "pitch into the law makers and judges, for their neglect of the *dearest interests* of community," and spur them up to the passing and administering of such laws as will protect a man's reputation from the malice of unprincipled slanderers and libellers. Such a course, on our part, is totally unnecessary, inasmuch as the laws and judges now on hand are sufficient to accomplish whatever can be done in this respect. Our suffering friend seems to think it as easy to make salutary laws on this subject as to make shoe-pegs; but he is enormously mistaken. Where it is possible, consistently with natural justice, that is, with the principles of general expediency, wholly to permit or wholly to prohibit, the work of legislation is easy; it is arduous and difficult in those cases only where either unlimited license on the one hand, or total restraint on the other, would be inexpedient, and, consequently, where it becomes necessary to establish intermediate legal boundaries, by means of apt and definite limits. Legislation on the subject of slander and libel, is peculiarly liable to difficulties of this nature; it is usually impracticable, or at least impolitic, either wholly to sanction or wholly to forbid any particular class of communications, on any subject whatsoever, and, consequently, the question arises, how shall the restraining law be framed, so as, without wholly excluding either of two or more conflicting mischiefs, *to reduce the aggregate of evil to its minimum*. This is *all* that the law can do. To place a bridle on men's tongues, so that they be restrained from calumny, without laying irksome fetters on the ordinary communications of society, and to curb the licentiousness without at the same time cramping the salutary freedom of the press, have been for centuries the object and endeavor of the legislative and judicial powers, and most faithfully and conscientiously have they labored to compass the achievement. If our correspondent will study this subject for ten or fifteen years, he will probably discover that it is rather a difficult matter to settle on an impregnable basis.

Betrothed.—Your case is a hard one, and nothing but the utmost frankness and firmness on your part will extricate you from the unfortunate dilemma. First tell your lover that you was cajoled and coerced into plighting your troth to him, by your uncle and guardian; then tell him that you do not and cannot love him, and ask him to release you from the engagement. If he refuses to do so, tell him that you *will not* marry him, and then stick to your declaration. If your uncle further attempts to carry out his outrageous designs, put the matter in the hands of the lawyer (your father's old friend,) you referred to, and he will soon bring your selfish relative and guardian to his senses. In fact, you had better consult the lawyer at once, and secure his assistance before taking the decided steps we have recommended. Your uncle and guardian has not the slightest shadow of right to do as he has done, and intends to do, and if you are only firm you can very easily overthrow his nefarious designs.

Emiline.—The comparison of the human mind in infancy to a blank sheet of paper, is, in some respects, just, and in others erroneous. For example: The sheet of paper acquires no impression of characters, until they are purposely imprinted by the hand of the writer; but if you forbear to impress the youthful mind with ideas and sentiments, you cannot prevent it from receiving impressions from the persons and objects with which it is daily conversant. The mind is originally an unsown field, prepared for the reception of any crop; and if those to whom the culture of it belongs neglect to fill it with good grain, it will speedily be covered with weeds. In the management of your children, you must keep this fact constantly in mind, or you will make a fatal error. Their minds will not quiescently *wait* for impressions and germs of thought. If right principles of action are not early implanted, wrong principles will spring up. If religion be not fostered, irreligion will speedily take root.

An Unhappy Daughter.—No wonder you are unhappy. A girl who does nothing from morning to night, but lolls about the house, and mopes from room to room all day, and flirts away her evenings, will always be unhappy. Persuade your mother to discharge her servant-girl, and then do the housework yourself, and you will soon be a healthier, handsomer, and happier woman. Nothing is more fatal to beauty and happiness than idle hands and a selfish spirit. Your palpitation of the heart is not a sign that that organ is ossifying; your physician probably told you that in sport. Fashionable young ladies have not near so much reason to fear ossification of the heart as assification of the brain. Go to work, and make yourself generally useful, and then you will no longer sign yourself "An unhappy daughter."

Victoria.—According to your own statement, you have been grossly disobedient to your parents, and treated some of your friends with offensive discourtesy. If you have imagined that we would sympathize with such conduct, you have strangely mistaken our character. Probably you did not intend to convey to us the exact truth of the case, but it is quite easy for a practical mind to supply omissions and infer the real facts even from an intemperate and one-sided statement. A daughter should never treat her mother with disrespect, nor in any manner purposely wound her feelings. The only proper course now left for you to pursue, is, to ask your parents' forgiveness, and apologize to your insulted friends.

L. Dutton, Brandon.—You should write to the Principal of the New York Free Academy, if you wish information concerning that institution, but if your letter should be such a rambling one as you have sent us, he would pay no attention to it. We never send a copy of the Ledger to a person whom we have noticed in this department. Those who want the Ledger must subscribe for it, or buy it at the news-offices, or else go without it.

Clarissa.—Yes. Riding on horseback is an excellent exercise for young ladies. While in the country, you should practise it as much as possible, for there you have a freedom and scope which you cannot enjoy in the city. That six-mile ride for the Ledger every week, and back again, is capital practice; but *reading* on horseback is dangerous business. Don't do it.

W. T.—When a young man is desperately in love and determined to marry, and his parents oppose the match, he must do what he can to conciliate them. If they will not be conciliated, he must then take his choice between parents and sweetheart.

W. G. S.—It makes no difference what the "popular idea" of a thing may be. What you, and we, and everybody, have to do is, to see what a thing *really is*. One man who *knows* a thing is wiser about that particular matter than millions who simply trust to the "popular idea."

Bonnie Doon.—Burns was one of the most genuine poets who ever put pen to paper. Read Carlyle's essay upon him and his writings, if you wish fully to comprehend his life and genius.

Aldebaran.—As a general thing, men cannot live more than nine days without sustenance; but there have been instances of their living much longer than that.

Madeline.—The celebrated song to which you refer, was written by Sir Walter Scott, and occurs in his poem of "Marmion." It is called, "Where shall the Lover rest!" and runs as follows, namely:

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.

There through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O, never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O, never!

A Young Mother.—It is a good idea to have your children taught drawing while they are young, and the pursuit may be rendered quite attractive to them; although Madame de Genlis observes, that of all the things children learn, drawing generally appears the most irksome and disagreeable. This perhaps arises from a wrong method of teaching it; for to oblige a child, six or seven years old to copy ears, noses, eyes, and mouths, is like beginning their education with abstract instead of sensible ideas. Few grown persons would distinguish any particular feature of a friend if painted separately from the rest of the face; how then can it be expected that children would take delight in copying what they cannot understand? Drawing should rather be considered a recreation than a task; and as soon as chidren show an inclination for imitating writing and other things, in order to prevent their acquiring a habit of scribbling, those who have the care of their education may encourage them to amuse themselves with drawing, sometimes on a slate and sometimes on paper. For this purpose, they should give them good outlines of sheep, dogs, horses, birds, and flowers, which would be much more entertaining to children than drawing the human face; for they pay great attention to the forms of animals, and have, at a very early age, a wonderful sagacity in distinguishing one horse or cow from another of nearly the same size or color. Their mother or teacher may point out any striking faults, and the children being thus confined to copying outlines for some years, would acquire a more correct eye than the pupils of most drawing-masters, and would afterwards easily learn to delineate figures, faces, or anything else they may wish to represent.

Judith.—It would be useless for a lady to apply anywhere for the privilege of keeping her husband always at home, so long as he continues to be an officer in the United States Army. Officers have to go where they are sent, without regard to family ties; and the War Department cannot exhibit impartiality in the distribution of furloughs. Ladies sometimes accompany their husbands to frontier posts, but the life there is a severe trial to women. Remote stations are often hundreds of miles beyond the verge of civilization, and in winter the little band of officers and soldiers are cut off from communication with home for four or five months. Such privations are trying enough, to say nothing of the chances of being tomahawked or carried off by Indians.

S. M. T.—A lover's quarrel is generally the entanglement of all the pettiness and unreasonableness of both parties into one inextricable snare. The best way to overcome such an affair is, for both parties to repent of their folly and try to act like reasonable creatures. We think that any gentleman or lady, when a courtship had been broken off, would return the letters of the opposite party without hesitation. It is only the very meanest and most contemptible kind of people who would do otherwise.

A Village Girl.—We do not know *what* "will be best for you;" but we are certain that it would *not* be the marrying of a circus clown. The idea of falling in love with such a person "because he is so funny," would be funnier than a dozen clowns, were it not so sad, as an indication of your lack of taste and common-sense. You should heed the advice of your good old uncle.

An Abused Wife.—For mercy's sake, stop your quarreling. We are perfectly sick of these everlasting accounts of family bickerings. Your husband certainly behaves shamefully, and so do you, if you have told the truth. Why do you not seek a reconciliation? Until you shall have done that, you will have to bear the blame with your husband.

Jack Wallace.—It is a good notion to spend an hour or so once or twice a week in the practice of boxing or fencing. These are healthful exercises, and the arts, if well learned, may sometime be of signal service. Mr. Cobb knows all about nautical matters, having sailed the world over and thoroughly learned the art of seamanship.

Sarah Jane.—It will certainly do you no harm to study mathematics, and if you have plenty of leisure time you might as well go a-head. A thorough knowledge of mathematics would make you more practical and logical than the majority of your sex.

Elizabeth.—You could doubtless travel to Minnesota without harm. Americans are renowned, the world over, for their gallantry and kindness to unprotected females. You should carry a large supply of *comfortable* clothing; as to finery, you need not be so particular.

Mrs. W.—You should consult a physician in regard to such a serious matter. It requires much skill, and a personal examination on the part of the doctor, to treat a case of fever of any kind in a proper manner, and especially when the patient is a young and feeble child.

Johnson.—It would be quite proper for you to send a copy of the Ledger to any young lady of your acquaintance. The six subscriptions will be $9. Write the names of the ladies and the States, counties and places in which they live, very plain.

Delancy.—Unless it is stated in a promissory note that it is to draw interest, it will not draw any until it becomes due. From that time until it is paid, it will draw the legal rate of interest, which in Massachusetts is six per cent. per annum.

Jehoiakim.—It will do you no harm to commit the Bible and Shakespeare to memory; but it would do you more good to study any one book of each until you thoroughly understand them.

S. D.—Questions accompanied by money will not be answered. We do not solicit fees, and we consider their offer an insult. Send us your address, and we will return your stamps.

A Heart-Broken Girl, Williamsburgh.—Write to him, and frankly tell the whole story. And then forever after abstain from such silly, nonsensical conduct as you have described.

Frank Nashville.—Tell your cousin just what you told us; and if you tell her the story as frankly, honestly and manfully as you have written it, we think the effect will be all you could desire.

Clenius.—If you can certainly make out a "sure case," prosecute the libeller; otherwise, you had better let him alone.

Alexander.—We think that all the comparisons of Alexander the Great to a robber, or of soldiers to murderers, are very stupid, and fit only to excite contempt.

E. H. A.—If a man in England dies intestate, without wife or children, his property is inherited by those who are nearest of kin to him.

Violet.—You should always act like a girl of good sense and refinement; if you do not know what these are, you should learn.

Albert Carlisle.—Your hand-writing is good enough for a copyist, if you take pains. For a boy only eight years old, you write remarkably well.

E. G. H.—All you can or should do, is to be courteous and affable; and if the gentleman persists too long in his outbursts of ill-temper, drop his acquaintance.

D. X. U.—Why do you permit the man to sport with your feelings in such a manner? Put him to flight. Girls are too much afraid of missing an opportunity to get married.

Erat.—Fudge! You don't know what love is. Boys of your age have no more idea of that passion than a duck has of the solar system.

Clerk.—Such a question can only be settled by practical book-keepers.

Mary W.—It would be quite proper for you to do as you suggest.

Y. Philos.—We have never observed the phenomenon you mention, and can give no information concerning it.

F. R. D.—The present population of New York is about seven hundred thousand.

I. Sanno.—A cadet, at West Point, has a salary of $24 a month, and out of that he has to pay his expenses.

G. Howard.—You should apply to the captain of one of the steamers.

Melville.—A father has a right to the earnings of his children until they reach the age of twenty-one.

Twenty Five.—You are old enough to marry, if you are wise enough and good enough.

J. M. S.—"Euthanasy" means *an easy death.*

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*